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DAVID GROSSMAN'S ISRAEL

GRAHAM GREENE'S
VIETNAM–AND OURS

RACISM REBOOTED

PHILADELPHIA, MISSISSIPPI, THEN AND NOW

by GARY YOUNGE

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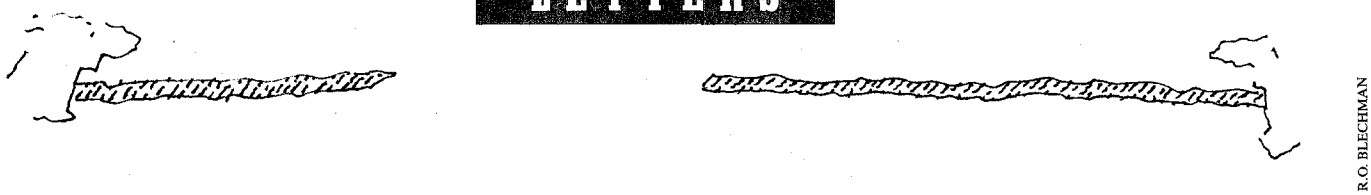

R.O. BLECHMAN

INTRINSA—NOT SO FAST...

Washington, DC

■ As brilliantly as usual, Katha Pollitt's "Subject to Debate" column for June 13 highlights the hypocrisy and healthcare gaps that undermine women's sexual and reproductive health today, particularly the lack of options for preventing HIV and other sexually transmitted infections that we can use without a partner's cooperation. But her discussion of the FDA's decision to turn down Intrinsa, a testosterone patch for women with low sex desire, missed some important points.

Pollitt correctly wrote that Intrinsa appears to offer some benefit to the narrow group of women studied. But women also need to know about the testosterone patch's long-term effects, especially as it concerns breast cancer and heart disease. As Pollitt noted, menopause hormone therapy was prescribed to women for decades without understanding how it put their health at risk. What we don't know about testosterone use, even for the surgically menopausal women in whom it has been tested, is significant. I share Pollitt's outrage at having David Hager and other self-appointed guardians of women's morals sitting on FDA advisory committees making decisions about our health. But advocating the approval of drugs whose safety has not been established is not the way to advance women's self-determination in sexual and reproductive health.

AMY ALLINA
National Women's Health Network
(www.nwhn.org)

WHITE HOUSE WAR ON WOMEN

We were gratified by the amount and the tenor of the mail we received in response to Ayelish McGarvey's May 30 "Dr. Hager's Family Values." Despite its sensitive subject, and despite a smattering of charges that we'd sunk to the level of the supermarket tabloids, the mail—from doctors, abuse counselors, abuse victims and ordinary women and men—was decidedly more positive than negative. A sampling follows. —The Editors

Sacramento, Calif.

■ Thank you for the article chronicling Linda Davis's abuse by her then-husband. As an advocate for battered women for more than fifteen years, I am always fascinated to learn that many people still consider violence against women to be separate from the political sphere. This article illustrates perfectly that what abusers do to the women in their lives, they will do to the rest of us. Unfortunately, too often nobody considers women until their tormentors affect the rest of us. Hats off to you for bringing this to light!

SANDRA HARRELL

West Lafayette, Ind.

■ I found the article on Dr. Hager tacky, underdocumented, sensationalist and, most damning, wide of the point. *The Nation* usually has higher standards. I want to know what this man's professional history is, not whether he paid his wife for anal sex.

PATRICIA HART

Chicago

■ Thank you, Ayelish McGarvey, for your wonderful, albeit enraging, exposé of Dr. Hager. Not only does it bring the issue of marital rape out in the open; it also exposes a man who is the biggest hypocrite in our government—and that's saying a lot. So, according to Dr. Hager, he follows Jesus' example on how to treat women. Unless I've been reading the wrong Bible, I doubt that includes repeatedly raping your wife. I'm grateful for the very brave and selfless actions of Linda Davis in telling her story.

LAURA KEHOE

Washington, DC

■ The fact that David Hager has worked to impose his Christianist views on the reproductive options of American women is probably enough information to convince most *Nation* readers that the man has no place in government service. Unverifiable accusations about sex have no place in serious journalism. Should I be expecting an exposé of Michael Jackson's politics based on his purported love of young children in a future issue?

LUKE BREAN

Woodbury, Minn.

■ It has been my experience, in many years as a labor and delivery nurse, that men choose the field of obstetrics and gynecology for one of two reasons: Either they love women and enjoy assisting them in childbirth, or they hate women and enjoy having power over them. I suspect Dr. Hager falls into the latter group. Men who enjoy sodomizing women enjoy demeaning, humiliating and hurting them. I, too, was married to a highly respected and successful man, a man who used emotional, psychological and physical force to sodomize me against my will over a period of more than ten years, until I was finally able to support myself and escape the marriage. That a man like Dr. Hager advises the President on women's health issues is beyond appalling.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST

Franklin, NC

■ Ayelish McGarvey's excellent piece on the abusive Dr. Hager asked whether this man should be advising Bush on women's health. Sorry. Hadn't you noticed that Bush doesn't take advice from anyone who doesn't agree with him? Hager, like the rest of the lickspittles and sycophants posing as "advisers," is simply a Bush clone. To disagree with the Boss is to get fired.

EDWARD G. ROBLES

Gainesville, Fla.

■ Your article on Dr. Hager was not easy to read. I was uncomfortable with the personal sexual details, and I hope the author was not unduly influenced by a bitter spouse. But I am in favor of exposing the sanctimonious hypocrisy of Dr. Hager, given his public role as an adviser on women's health issues. The malevolence and hypocrisy of the Christian right's views on other issues—like abstinence, clean needle exchange, condoms and a vaccine to prevent cervical cancer—must also be exposed and resisted by rational and free-thinking citizens.

MICHAEL WEISBERG

Bridgeville, Pa.

■ Domestic abuse among evangelicals is no surprise. As many as one in four church members is a victim or survivor of domestic abuse. Armed with a claim of "tradition" and divine sanction as well as a misinterpreted Bible, many religious conservatives teach that the husband is the leader and the wife must submit. As a result the relationship can easily become abusive and, like Linda Carruth Davis's, a Christianized version of S&M. Both secular and Christian domestic violence researchers link the husband leader/wife submitter model to the presence or likelihood of abuse. They note that while not all hierarchical marriages harbor abuse, almost all abusive marriages are hierarchical.

The religious right pushes a retro *Father Knows Best* paradigm. Traditional gender roles are not only being promoted by Bush judicial nominees like J. Leon Holmes and William Pryor but also through family and marriage services like financial counseling (Crown Financial Ministries); marriage and child-rearing education (Focus on the Family and Family Life); and premarital counseling required by states providing the Covenant Marriage option.

Clearer heads are having their say, though. With organizations like Christians for Biblical Equality and the Willow Creek Association, evangelicals are challenging the right's views on gender roles, saying that just as Christians erred in their interpretations of slavery and segregation, they are erring in their interpretations of marriage. When Scripture is properly interpreted, they say, it points to mutual submission and shared leadership.

SANDRA DUFIELD

I'D LIKE TO BUY THE WORLD A COKE?

Boston

■ Alexander Cockburn reports ["Beat the Devil," May 2] that soon after Coke began bot-

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EDITORIALS

Reality Bites

Even an Administration that denies reality sometimes has to confront it. And in recent days the Bush White House has run smack into assorted realities. So far the results have not been good for the Bush crowd.

On the two issues he has pressed most in his second term—the Iraq War and Social Security—George W. Bush has been challenged by Republicans eager for exit strategies for both. In mid-June two conservative House Republicans—Ron Paul and Walter Jones Jr.—joined two progressive House Democrats—Dennis Kucinich and Neil Abercrombie—to introduce legislation that would compel Bush to begin withdrawing US troops from Iraq by October 2006. This followed a decision in late May by five Republicans to join 123 Democrats in a vote that urged Bush to devise a withdrawal timetable. Congress is still far from an antiwar majority, but the GOP-controlled House International Relations Committee did vote 32 to 9 to call on the Bush Administration to produce a plan for Iraq that would allow the United States to reduce its number of troops there.

As the war proceeds with little indication of progress and the polls register more popular opposition, Republican members of Congress (with the next Congressional election fast approaching) have reason to be nervous and to seek distance from Bush, especially since the Administration continues to meet the bad news from Iraq with happy talk. Dick Cheney insists the insurgency is in its "last throes," yet military officials predict years of a continued US presence. The Administration's ever widening credibility gap is further cause for Republican unease. Senator Chuck Hagel, an influential Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, recently exploded, "It's like they're just making it up as they go along. The reality is that we're losing in Iraq."

On Social Security, many Republicans have been unimpressed with—perhaps even frightened by—Bush's leadership. The more he has talked up his plans for Social Security, the less popular his notions have become. Meanwhile, Congressional Republicans have so far failed to rally behind one Social Security proposal, arguing among themselves over privatized accounts and how to insure solvency. Chuck Grassley, who chairs the Senate Finance Committee, has been unable to steer the eleven Republicans on his panel toward a single plan. And House Speaker Dennis Hastert has indicated that he won't proceed with a vote on a Social Security plan anytime soon—despite Bush's wishes.

Every week there are more signs that Republicans are willing to buck Bush. When Bernie Sanders, the lone House Independent, introduced an amendment to reject a key provision of the Patriot Act, thirty-eight Republicans joined 199 Democrats to pass it. While it's hardly a cause for rejoicing, House Republicans also defied Bush on the United Nations, rejecting a White House plea and pushing through a measure that would cut US funding for the UN by half unless it adopts several dozen specific reforms. And a number of Congressional Republicans have threatened to vote against the Central American Free Trade Agreement, which Bush wants.

After the last election, Bush, the choice of 51 percent of voters, claimed he had a wealth of political capital at his disposal. But his political capital could not buy him a less disastrous situation in Iraq or popular support for weakening Social Security or an end to stiff Democratic opposition to the troubled, and troubling, John Bolton nomination. And it can't buy him the love of Republicans—particularly those facing re-election—who have started to fret over the political implications of his actions here and abroad. There's a lesson here for the arrogant Bush crowd: Reality's a bitch.

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Labor Splits Open

After the 1952 election, union leaders were worried. Republicans were in power. Labor rights had been weakened. Southern organizing had failed. Unions were raiding one another. There were bitter personal and federation rivalries. One big union threatened to disaffiliate from its federation. In 1955, hoping to strengthen the labor movement, the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations merged.

Fast-forward fifty years. There are echoes of those old issues, but now the AFL-CIO is on the brink of a major breakup. Partly that is because the original merger created a weak federation, not a strong, unified labor movement. It marked labor's apogee and the beginning of its decline.

Last year the Service Employees (SEIU) proposed changes that, they argued, would strengthen the labor movement, including merging unions, getting them to focus their organizing efforts strategically in their core industries, cutting AFL-CIO staff and giving big unions more direct control over the federation. In recent months SEIU and like-minded unions have ratcheted up the pressure by making specific proposals to AFL-CIO president John Sweeney. One from the Teamsters, for an AFL-CIO dues rebate aimed at rewarding unions that invest in strategic organizing, garnered support from unions representing nearly 40 percent of federation members. Still, Sweeney has managed to consolidate support both for his re-election at the late July convention and for his program—which moves in the dissidents' direction without fully embracing their ideas—calling for a bigger, year-round political operation, cutting one-fourth of federation staff and modestly increasing organizing expenditures.

The debate has been muddied by personality issues. Union presidents representing 63 percent of federation members back Sweeney, partly because they like him (or dislike SEIU president Andy Stern's style), but there are divisions within each camp.

The dissidents—SEIU, Teamsters, UNITE HERE (apparel and hotel workers), Food and Commercial Workers (UFCW) and Laborers—remain a large minority with no presidential candidate. Three unions—SEIU, UNITE HERE and UFCW—have authorized their executive boards to leave the federation (a decision the Laborers aren't considering). In June they launched the Change to Win Coalition to coordinate the work of willing unions inside or outside the AFL-CIO, a formation that could become the nucleus of a new federation. Having first stressed policies, many dissidents now argue that Sweeney is the problem. "I hate to say it, but John Sweeney is not supporting real change in the labor movement," says SEIU secretary-treasurer Anna Burger, who managed Sweeney's 1995 election. "I can't see how we can support a president who is not committed to real change." Sweeney supporters emphasize how much his proposals resemble the dissidents' ideas; his opponents insist he offers only rhetorical change and is unwilling to push reluctant affiliates to reform.

The biggest difference is over incentives to organize: Sweeney offers much smaller rebates if unions devote 30 percent of resources to organizing. But he claims that will generate $2.5 billion over five years, compared with $1 billion claimed for the Team-

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COMMENT

sters plan. Both figures are inflated, since rebates will reward unions already meeting the targets, and neither rebate may be enough to spur any major transformations. But many dissidents also see their rebate as a way to shrink the AFL-CIO further and to push smaller unions to merge with big ones.

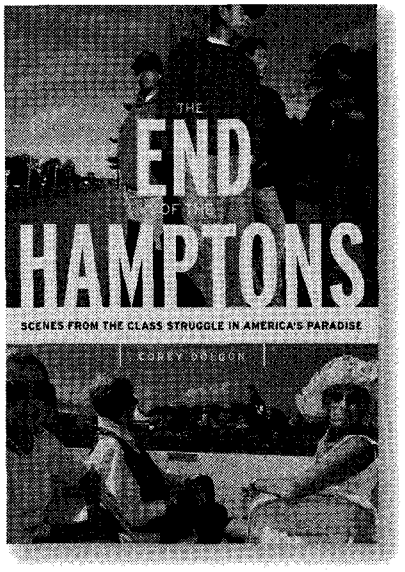
Sweeney has won widest approval for beefing up labor's political work, but his critics claim that organizing is short-changed and labor is too subservient to Democrats (although only a few, like UNITE HERE hospitality president John Wilhelm, advocate primary challenges to Democrats in addition to wooing Republicans). Sweeney has tried to make the historically balkanized labor movement more influential and coherent by building up the federation's operations to represent the movement as a whole. This has frustrated union presidents, who want to make decisions, not have them made by AFL-CIO staff with minimal consultation. The Change to Win unions want a smaller, centralized bureaucracy and more emphasis on coordinated action among big unions calling the shots.

It seems almost certain that SEIU will leave the federation, perhaps even before the convention. But it's still unclear whether others will leave and whether Change to Win will become an alternative federation. Ongoing negotiations could bear fruit; for instance, Sweeney might still offer a bigger organizing rebate. There are also discussions under way about creating committees of unions by industry (like the airlines) and redefining federation rules and standards for organizing in a particular industry.

Maybe there's still room for agreement. The idea that well-conceived strategic campaigns in core industries should receive incentives "is not a controversial issue at all," argues Wilhelm. "It's been distorted into the idea that nobody could organize outside their core jurisdiction. If that issue were joined with the president of the AFL-CIO supporting it, it would pass. It's a no-brainer." But the dissidents remain ready to play hardball. "We're prepared to go to the convention and fight it out on resolutions," says UFCW president Joe Hansen. "The status quo will not stand, and we have to be prepared for other possibilities."

Sweeney insists labor unity is critical with hostile Republicans in power. "We try very hard to understand why they would split the labor movement during this time when there is such a need for a strong labor movement," he says. "Anyone who leaves the labor movement is on a path of cynicism, divisiveness and destruction. It sounds like some may be interested in a power struggle." Wilhelm says leaving would be "gut-wrenching," but labor's crisis—such as destruction of airline pensions—demands drastic action. "If the AFL-CIO is going to be a status quo organization, it won't survive in the long run, and there has to be an alternative labor center," he argues. "It's too bad 13 million AFL-CIO members don't get to vote. No question there would be dramatic change."

So far the debate has engaged mainly union presidents, not members or even intermediate-level leaders. But unionists trying to build state and local labor movements are worried (not only for the financial loss if SEIU departs, taking 10 percent of the national budget, and more in many localities). "Mostly we feel like we're children of some great parents who are getting divorced at the worst time of our lives," says Cleveland central labor council leader John Ryan. Recently Sweeney sent out notices that unions



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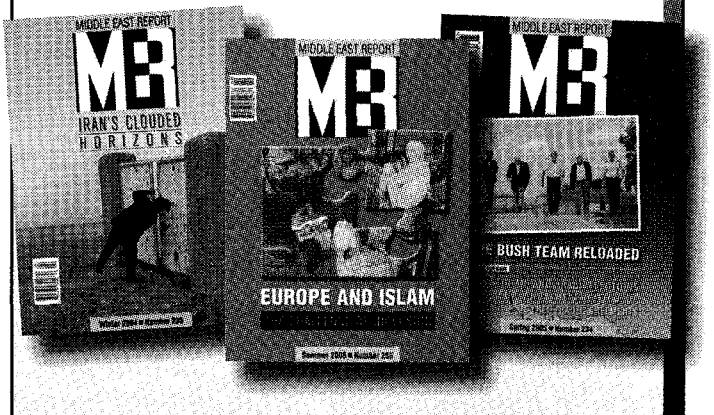

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leaving the AFL-CIO, such as the Carpenters or potentially SEIU, can't participate in its local or state organizations. But enforcing this longstanding rule could intensify conflict within the labor movement. State and local leaders already are trying to figure out ways to follow the rules but maintain labor unity.

Whether a federation breakup precipitates a dreaded labor civil war depends largely on how Sweeney and others deal with groups like Change to Win or local efforts to cooperate after the convention. "So in the end, John runs, and John wins," observes Laborers president Terry O'Sullivan. "What he wins is a divided labor movement. If that's reality, how do we manage it? Do we go on attack against those who are out? Do those who are out go on attack on those who are in?" The labor movement has survived with unions operating outside the AFL-CIO, but a major split would weaken labor in the short run and could make the founding of a new movement even more difficult than reforming the old.

Workers would gain from a unified labor movement that resolved many of the AFL-CIO's inherited weaknesses, at a minimum demanding that unions implement some clear strategic approach to grow and gain power for workers. Besides expanding accountability to members, labor needs ways to hold individual unions accountable to one another for action on fundamental decisions. Unions need both to better coordinate and to act as a movement beyond narrow interests, such as by launching new unions in unorganized sectors. Whatever happens at the convention, the battle over rebuilding a labor movement that overcomes the shortcomings of a half-century merger will continue, with an outcome that is far from certain. DAVID MOBERG

David Moberg is a senior editor at In These Times.

CALVIN TRILLIN

A Short Summary of The Questions Being Asked About Governor Jeb Bush After He Responded to the Autopsy Report on Terri Schiavo's Irreversible Brain Damage by Accusing Her Husband Of Complicity in Her Death

Is Jeb a ghoul
Or just a fool?

No Flat World in Europe

The no vote on the EU Constitution by the French, then the Dutch. The fall, or seeming fall, of the Schröder government in Germany. Is Europe melting down? My friend V in Berlin says, "Relax—it's just democracy." Yet there is alarmist talk now that the EU might break up, or the euro be withdrawn.

To hear the violent rhetoric from the business elites in Frankfurt and London, Europe's a shambles. In fact, things are pretty nice. Yes, French unemployment is at a very distressing 10 percent. But in Europe, while it can be much harder to get a job, it is much harder to lose one, too. In a two-year period, your chance of being jobless, laid off, is probably greater in America than it would be in France, and certainly greater than in many European countries. We may have lower unemployment at any given point, but it is a kind of "rolling" unemployment, shorter but still heart-stopping, that over time will affect a larger proportion of us. Would French workers want "lower" US-style unemployment, which means a greater likelihood of layoffs, firings, drop-offs into poverty for a half-year at a time every other year? I think not.

Indeed, except for Germany (dragged down by the cost of unification), Europe or the "euro-zone" part of it has been doing at least as well as the United States in the past ten years. This is among the stunning findings of a January 2004 Goldman Sachs study, *Euroland's Secret Success Story*. As set out in the study, it's true of productivity growth—a bit under 2 percent a year in both, if adjusted for the business cycle. It's true for growth in GDP per capita (2.1 percent). And, yes, it's true even for investors: In Europe you get the same return on capital. It's true despite Europe's higher nominal unemployment and shorter workweek. Indeed, if one could put a cash value on this extra leisure, one could argue the standard of living is going up *faster* there.

But that understates the case for Europe. While too few of us in America experience any rising GDP per capita in our own lives, the egalitarian Europeans do. Outside Britain, their people at the top are not doing nearly as well as ours. That may explain the violence of their rhetoric. In France the gap between "top" and "bottom" is slightly decreasing. It might have continued to do so in Germany, too, but for the skewing of all measures by East Germany. Yes, German unions have had to keep wages down of late. But that's at least in part because in the early 1990s they pushed them up too high, even by my left-of-center standards. In total job growth, too, Europe's been doing better than the United States.

Some economists even argue America overstates its productivity growth and GDP per capita. For example, Europe doesn't get our unfair productivity boost from people working off the clock. Or the GDP growth from building far more prisons. It's plausible that in the past ten years most of Europe has done better than the United States—even as Europeans keep working fewer hours.

Still, the business elites say the European model has to go. In a flat world, as Thomas Friedman proclaims, it seems obvious that high-wage Europeans will have to make a bonfire of their cushy way of life if they want to keep their precious industrial base.

There's one problem with using the US and UK models for saving Europe's industrial base: Both have wrecked their indus-

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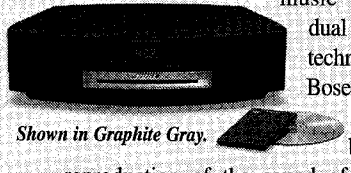
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trial bases. Some, or a labor lawyer like me, would argue that we wrecked ours not because our labor costs were too high but because they were too low. In the low-cost United States a firm can shut down and pay workers next to nothing—and the investors can open up a Wal-Mart. By contrast, in high-cost Europe, with expensive "closing plans" and labor vetoes in Germany and France, it is much harder than in the low-cost United States for a firm to go out of its industrial business altogether.

Over and over I hear intelligent people in America ooh and aah over the China miracle, and China's export prowess. "Oh, China is what's happening." "China changes everything." I don't mean to scoff, but China is simply doing what others—Japan, for example—have done before. It's ordinary catch-up. But Europe, and in particular Germany, is doing something truly new. Its highly developed countries have somehow kept their industrial base.

Last year, according to the WTO, German export goods had a value of more than $915 billion. China's had a value of about $593 billion. In a so-called flat world, it turns out that the country with the world's highest labor costs is the world's champion exporter. Add in France et al., and the EU is even further ahead—last year, it had export goods of more than $1.5 trillion. What's more, the endless dire talk in Germany about losing it all to Eastern Europe has turned out to be wildly overstated. It's now 2005, and the recent data show that far from investing more in Eastern Europe, Germany of late has been slightly disinvesting. Of course, there is more outsourcing to Eastern Europe, but the bottom line is that Germany's overall trade surplus is growing. US and other companies have passed over Germany and put money into Eastern Europe, and labor cost is one reason, but an equal and bigger reason is simply that there is a huge untapped market in Eastern Europe, while Western Europe is relatively sated. Yet Germans bemoan it, and neoliberals have been brilliant at rattling German self-confidence over, well, not much.

The European miracle is often said to be the one that took place in the 1950s, right after World War II. But that was catch-up, too. The real European miracle is the one that has happened in the past ten years: Europe (i.e., France and Germany) has engaged in a restructuring of its manufacturing—successfully. The threat to Europe right now is the violence of the rhetoric against the model, the bizarre gloom and doom when it is actually doing well. The nerve-racking thing about Europe at the moment is the possibility that ordinary Europeans will lose their nerve and just cave in to their American-wannabe elites. THOMAS GEOGHEGAN

Thomas Geoghegan is a lawyer. He was a Fellow at the American Academy in Berlin in 2004.

In Fact . . .

JAMES WEINSTEIN

■ Jimmy Weinstein, who died June 16 at 78, did more than his share of marching and speaking for causes he believed in. But his most consistent and important agitation was with a typewriter (and later a computer) as the author of such well-received history texts as *The Decline of Socialism in America: 1912–25* (1967), *The Corporate Ideal in the Liberal State: 1900–18* (1968) and *Ambiguous Legacy: The Left in American Politics (1974)*; as the editor of the scholarly journal *Studies on the Left*; and, finally, for a quarter-century as the publisher and driving force behind *In These Times*. He founded *ITT* in 1976, two years before Victor Navasky and Hamilton Fish took over at *The Nation* as editor and publisher, respectively; this was around the time that two other left-wing weeklies were sprouting (both now defunct). Rather than competing, all these magazines cheered one another on, and Jimmy strongly believed that the fortunes of *ITT* depended on the fortunes of all of the left. It is heartening that the magazine he built lives on. He was always staunch in his defense of socialist values, but he never followed anyone's line except his own. A self-described "Groucho Marxist," he was one of the American left's least dogmatic—and most optimistic—thinkers. Jimmy never gave up talking about a "more humane society," and, in his final book, *The Long Detour: The History and Future of the American Left*, he preached it could be achieved "if not [by] a movement that calls itself socialist then [by] one embodying the underlying principles that gave the old American movement its impetus."

NATION WRITERS' FILM FEST

■ A new documentary, *Dangerous Living: Coming Out in the Developing World*, is now available on DVD. The film was directed by John Scagliotti, a *Nation* contributor who created PBS's *In the Life*, America's first gay/lesbian TV show, and produced the award-winning documentaries *Before Stonewall* and *After Stonewall*. • On July 1 the thirty-fifth anniversary of the legalization of abortion in New York (making it one of the few states where safe abortions were available before *Roe v. Wade*), there will be a screening of a documentary by Jennifer Baumgardner and Gillian Aldrich, *Speak Out: I Had an Abortion*, in New York City at The Pioneer Theater, 155 East 3rd Street, at 7 PM; (212) 591-0434. The film features interviews with eleven women who had abortions without feeling guilt or regret.

MINORITY/MAJORITY

■ **Permanent Minority.** A group of Senate Democrats, including Jay Rockefeller, supported legislation in the Intelligence Committee that expands the Patriot Act to allow the government to "subpoena records without the approval of a judge or grand jury."

■ **Toward the Majority.** Every Democrat except Oklahoma Representative Dan Boren and two absentees voted for a pro-privacy amendment by Bernie Sanders that prevents the FBI from using the Patriot Act to obtain citizens' library or bookstore records without a proper warrant. Because of that unity, the amendment passed. —DAVID SIROTA

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

The History of Smoking Guns

As long as I've lived in America I've enjoyed the comic ritual known as the "hunt for the smoking gun," a process by which our official press tries to inoculate itself and its readers against political and economic realities.

The big smoking-gun question back in 1973 and 1974 concerned Richard Nixon. Back and forth the ponderous debate raged in editorial columns and news stories: Was this or that disclosure a "smoking gun"? Fairly early in the game, it was clear to about 95 percent of the population that Nixon was a liar, a crook and guilty as charged. But the committee rooms on Capitol Hill and the Sunday talk shows were still filled with people holding up guns with smoke pouring from the barrel telling one another solemnly that no, the appearance of smoke and stench of recently detonated cordite notwithstanding, this was not yet the absolute, definitive smoking gun.

So it became clear that the great smoking-gun hunt was really about timing, about gauging the correct temperature of the political waters. Then suddenly, in the late summer of 1974, that impalpable entity known as elite sentiment sensed that the scandal was becoming subversive of public order, that it was time to throw Nixon overboard and move on. A "new" tape—though hundreds of others had already made Nixon's guilt plain—was swiftly identified as "the smoking gun" and presto! Nixon was on the next plane to California.

In the mid-1970s post-Watergate euphoria, smoking guns were in fashion. In the Church Intelligence Committee hearings they actually held up a gun to demonstrate the profuse, well-documented efforts of the CIA to assassinate Fidel Castro. In other hearing rooms witnesses testified that multinational corporations offered bribes to win business.

Appropriately enough, it was a newspaper publisher who stepped forward in the late fall of 1974 to announce that the smoking-gun show was now officially closed. At the annual meeting of the Magazine Publishers Association, Katharine Graham, boss of the Washington Post Company, sternly cautioned her fellow czars of the communication industry (many of them bribed to endorse Nixon in 1972 by his gift of the monopoly license to print money, known as Joint Operating Agreements).

"The press these days," Mrs. Graham declared, "should...be rather careful about its role. We may have acquired some tendencies about over-involvement that we had better overcome. We had better not yield to the temptation to go on refighting the next [*sic*] war and see conspiracy and cover-up where they do not exist."

By 1975 smoking guns were a thing of the past. The *coup de grâce* was PBS's *MacNeil/Lehrer Report*, which started in October 1975, dedicated to the proposition that there are two sides to every question, and reality is not an exciting affair of smoking guns, crooked businessmen and lying politicians but a dull continuum in which all involved are struggling disinterestedly for the public weal. In this new, prudent post-Watergate era, which has stretched through to the present day, there were no smoking guns. It wasn't long before those documented attempts to assassinate Castro became "alleged attempts" or, the final fate of many a smoking gun, "an old story."

CIA involvement in opium smuggling in Southeast Asia? There were smoking guns aplenty. In a 1987 *Frontline* documentary, Tony Po gave an on-camera interview confirming that in his capacity as a CIA officer he had given the mercenary general Vang Pao an airplane with which to transport heroin, because Vang Pao's use of the CIA air fleet was proving embarrassing. "We painted it nice and fancy," Po reminisced jovially. These days, the CIA's complicity in shuttling heroin that came home to America in body bags from Vietnam has retreated to the decorous status of being an "allegation" and, simultaneously, "an old story."

Iran/*contra*, cocaine-for-arms shuttles supervised by the CIA? More smoking guns in every filing cabinet, and all over Oliver North's diary. Ten years later Gary Webb of the *San Jose Mercury News* fished out further smoking guns and was rewarded by having his career destroyed by the *Washington Post*, *New York Times* and *Los Angeles Times*. When the hubbub died down, the CIA's Inspector General admitted in his reports that yes, there were smoking guns, but the press only read the CIA's press releases, which strenuously maintained the opposite.

I think it was in the Reagan era that the smoking-gun lobby got decisively routed. Month after month the official press would write respectfully about Reagan's press conferences as though the President was a competent captain of the national ship instead of a fogged-up fantasist.

Another *coup de grâce* came in Clinton time, when the hunt for smoking guns became either incomprehensible (Jeff Gerth's stories on Whitewater) or tacky (Clinton's physical interactions with Monica Lewinsky). Special Prosecutor Ken Starr cried out that yes, he had the smoking gun. The people looked at the stained dress he proudly flourished and said, If that's a smoking gun, we're not interested.

There are enough smoking guns in the Iraq saga to stock a whole new national museum. It's what makes the current muttering in the official press about the Downing Street memo so comical, with all the huff and puff about the "blogosphere" and how yes, this is an old story, and an "uncorroborated" one (like all those stories from detainees about desecration of the Koran).

What's striking to me is how querulous and old-fashioned those "old story" put-downs about the Downing Street memo by Todd Purdum and others in the *New York Times*, or Howard Kurtz and Dana Milbank in the *Washington Post*, sound—rather like very old uncles wagging their fingers at naughty little children and admonishing them to stay quiet until all the facts are in.

But the facts are in, and the naughty children have the public megaphones. The rules of the game are changing. History is one big smoking gun and the function of the official press is to say this isn't so. So what happens when fewer and fewer people take the official press seriously, or even read it? ■

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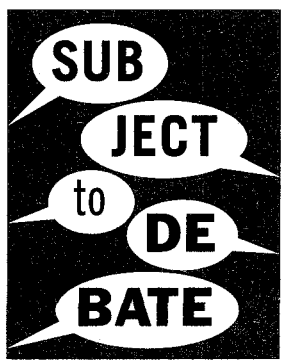
KATHA POLLITT

If the Frame Fits...



In the wake of the 2004 election, Democrats have embarked on an orgy of what the linguist George Lakoff calls "reframing"—repositioning their policies linguistically to give them mass moral appeal. Prime candidate for a values makeover? Abortion, of course. It's as if the party, with its longstanding, if lukewarm, support for reproductive rights, were a family photo with Uncle Lou the molester right in the middle. Maybe if we cropped it to put him way off to the side? Or Photoshopped a big shadow onto his face? Or just decided to pretend he was nice Uncle Max? In "The Foreign Language of Choice," posted on AlterNet, Lakoff writes that he doesn't like "choice"—too consumerist. In fact, he doesn't even like "abortion"—too negative. He wants to "reparse" abortion in four ways. Dems should talk about it as an aspect of personal freedom from government interference, and as the regrettable outcome of right-wing opposition to sex ed and contraception. They should reclaim "life" by talking about the fact that "the United States has the highest rate of infant mortality in the industrialized world," thanks to poverty and lack of healthcare, which are the fault of conservatives, "who have been killing babies—real babies...[who] have been born and who people want and love" and damaging their health through anti-environmental policies that put toxins in mother's milk. Finally, they should talk about the thousands of women each year who become pregnant from rape: "Should the federal government force a woman to bear the child of her rapist?"

George Lakoff is really smart and eager to help, so why does this way of talking about "medical operations to end a pregnancy" make me want to reparse myself to a desert island? Is it the sly reference to rape victims coerced by the "federal government," object of much red-state loathing, when surely he knows that the relevant policies—on giving out emergency contraception in ERs for example, or using Medicaid funds for abortions—are set at the state level, like most abortion laws? Is it the singling out of rape victims as uniquely deserving, which tacitly accepts the conservative "frame" of abortion as a way for sluts to evade the wages of sin? In fact, most American voters who favor abortion restrictions already make an exception for rape. The ones who don't—the 11 percent who would ban abortion completely—have already framed it to their satisfaction: Yes, the government should force rape victims to carry to term because the "child" should not be murdered for its father's crime.

Perhaps I'm naïve, but I keep thinking that reframing misses the point, which is to speak clearly from a moral center—precisely *not* to mince words and change the subject and turn the tables. I keep thinking that people are so disgusted by politics that the field is open for progressives who use plain language and stick to their guns and convey that they are real people, at home in their skin, and not a collection of blow-dried focus-grouped holograms. I think this despite ample evidence to the contrary, like the successful Republican reframings of the estate tax as the "death tax" and George W. Bush as a salt-of-the-earth rancher. But honestly: They say abortion, we say mercury in the breast milk? What if anti-choicers suggest going halfsies? Some abortion opponents—progressive evangelicals, seamless-garment Catholics—do care about babies after they are born.

Still, reframing proceeds apace. Hillary Clinton talks about abortion as sorrow, while calling on Republicans to join her in passing the Prevention First Act promoting contraception and, with Patty Murray, going after acting FDA head Lester Crawford for failing to make emergency contraception available over the counter. Howard Dean says he wants the "pro-life" vote, and before you know it anti-choice Democrats get the nod to run for the Senate—Bob Casey in Pennsylvania and Jim Langevin in Rhode Island (who has since bowed out). NARAL, or, as it has reframed itself, NARAL Pro-choice America, placed an ad in *The Weekly Standard* calling for the right to "Please, Help Us Prevent Abortion" through better access to birth control. Responding to a poll showing that only 22 percent of Americans say abortion should be "generally available," NARAL is emphasizing "freedom and responsibility"—birth control, sex ed, emergency contraception. Responsibility is surely a bedrock American value. The trouble is, as William Saletan pointed out in a perceptive column on *Slate*, it means different things to different people. It can mean moral autonomy and free will, or it can mean suffering the consequences, accepting punishment. To NARAL "freedom and responsibility" means knowing your body and using contraception, with EC or abortion as unmentioned backup; to an anti-choicer, the same words might mean abstinence, with childbirth as the price of getting carried away.

There's a word that doesn't show up much in the new abortion frames: women. Maybe it doesn't poll well. "Reframing" abortion is actually a kind of deframing, a way of taking it out of its real-life context, which is the experience of women, their bodies, their healthcare, their struggles, the caring work our society expects them to do for free. Lynn Paltrow, the brilliant lawyer who runs National Advocates for Pregnant Women, thinks the way to win grassroots support for abortion rights is to connect it to the whole range of reproductive and maternal rights: the right to have a home birth, to refuse a Caesarean section, to know that a miscarriage or stillbirth—or simply taking a drink—will not land you in jail. The same ideology of fetal protection that anti-choicers wield against abortion is used against women with wanted pregnancies. More broadly, Paltrow argues that the right to abortion would have more support if it were presented as just one of the things women need to care for their families, along with paid maternity leave, childcare, quality healthcare for all, economic and social support for mothers and children, strong environmental policies that protect fetuses and children.

But when was the last time you heard a Democrat talk about paid maternity leave? It's been reframed right out of the picture. ■

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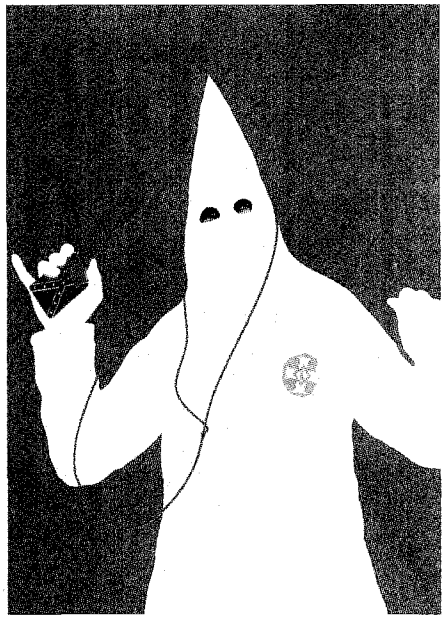
ARTICLES

RACISM REBOOTED

PHILADELPHIA, MISSISSIPPI, THEN AND NOW



by GARY YOUNGE

For Buford Posey, a white man raised in Philadelphia, Mississippi, the Second World War had a civilizing influence. "When I was coming up in Mississippi I never knew it was against the law to kill a black man," he says. "I learned that when I went in the Army. I was 17 years old. When they told me, I thought they were joking."

For several decades Posey's assumption about the relative value of black life was effectively borne out by the state's judiciary. Among others, the murders of 14-year-old Chicagoan Emmett Till, in Money in 1955; the state's NAACP chairman Medgar Evers, in Jackson in 1963; the three young civil rights workers—James Chaney (21), Andrew Goodman (20) and Michael Schwerner (24)—in Philadelphia in 1964; and civil rights supporter Vernon Dahmer, in Hattiesburg in 1966 all went unpunished.

But recently history has been catching up with the Magnolia State. Over the past decade state authorities have been picking up aging white men one by one and parading them down history's perp walk of shame, complete with orange jumpsuits and handcuffs.

Mississippi is by no means alone in this. Since 1989 twenty-three murders have been re-examined in the South, resulting in twenty-seven arrests, twenty-one convictions (now twenty-two), two acquittals and one mistrial, according to Mark Potok of the Intelligence Project, a branch of the Southern Poverty Law Center, based in Montgomery, Alabama. But given that Mississippi was home to some of the most notorious race crimes during segregation, it stands to reason that it would be home to many of the most high-profile cases. In 1990 69-year-old Byron de la Beckwith was indicted for the murder of Evers, who was shot dead on his doorstep; four years later Beckwith was convicted. In 1997 the case of Dahmer, who died when his house was firebombed by the Klan, was reopened. In 1998 the Klan's Imperial Wizard, Sam Bowers, was convicted of the murder. And earlier this year Edgar Ray Killen was formally charged with the murders of Chaney, Goodman and Schwerner. His trial ended on June 21 with a jury verdict of manslaughter.

These developments should, of course, be welcomed. Beyond the importance of the prosecutions to the families of those who died and the communities in which the murders took place, they have a broader symbolic significance. They show that the struggle for justice, while long and arduous, can bear fruit in the most barren soil. They also show that these men, along with the scores of others who perished in the same cause, did not die in vain.

But while symbols are important, they should not be mistaken for substance. In June the Senate issued an apology for its failure to enact an anti-lynching law. Its chief GOP sponsor was Virginia Senator George Allen, who referred to the legislative inaction as a "stain on the history of the United States Senate." Allen, who used to display a Confederate flag at his home and a noose in his law office, scored an F on the NAACP's report card in the last session of Congress. Both Mississippi senators, Thad Cochran and Trent Lott, refused to co-sponsor the resolution.

So while the crimes that occurred during segregation were rarely systematic—the individuals who carried them out and the manner in which they carried them out were far too crude for that—they *were* systemic. They were born from a system of segregation that worked to preserve white privilege in the face of a concerted progressive onslaught—a system in which the white community had to collude in order for it to function. While the scale and nature of those privileges may have changed, the privileges themselves still exist. You can see them in the racial disparities in health, employment and poverty; you can watch their physical incarnation in the segregated academies to which so many whites send their children; and you can observe them on death row, where so many black parents see their children being sent.

The work that Chaney, Goodman and Schwerner aimed to do—break the hold of white supremacy—has yet to be completed.

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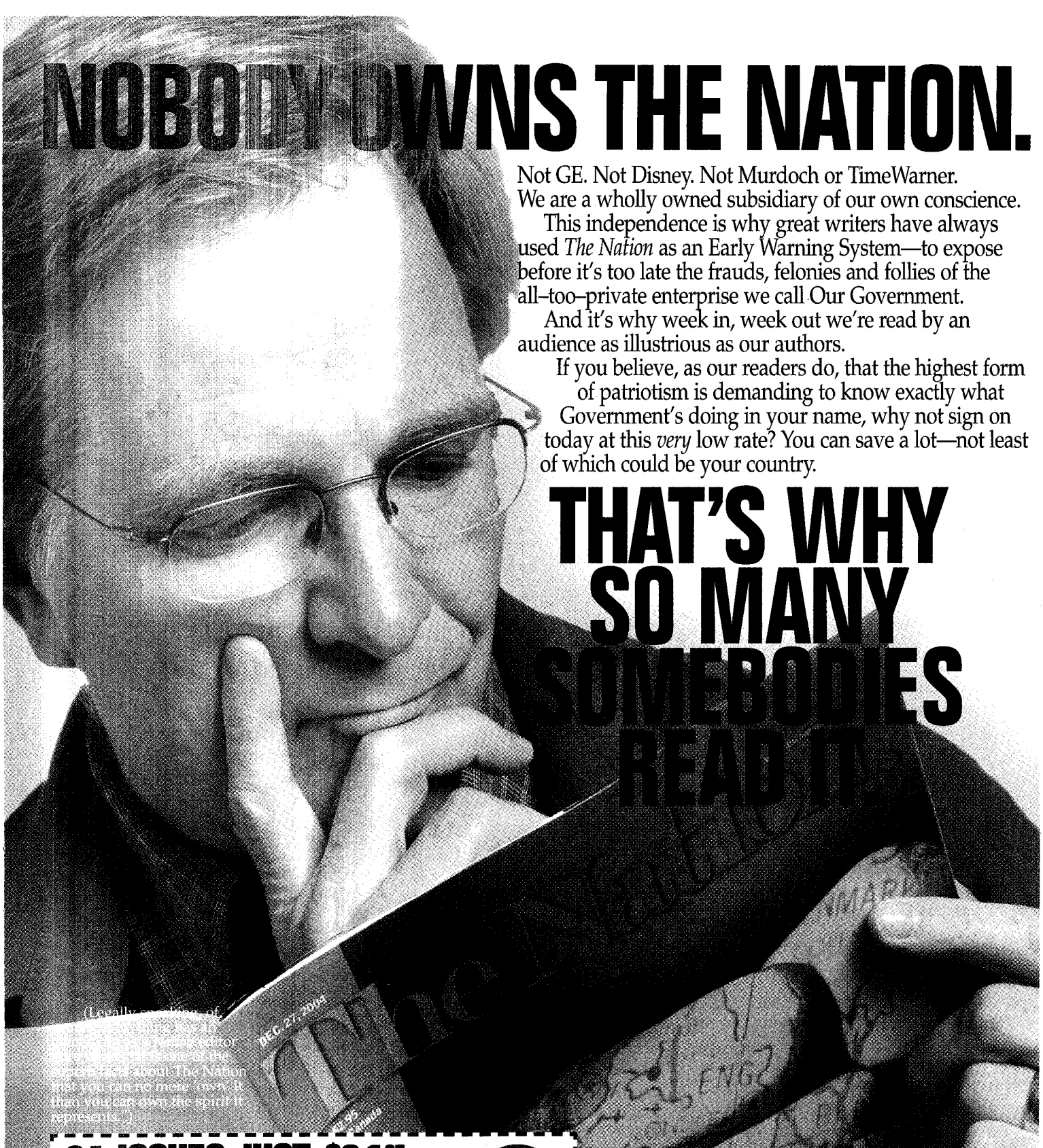

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Those who hope it never will be would like to use these trials to draw a line under the past and move on, shifting the burden of racist history from the institutional to the individual and traveling light, without the baggage of its legacy. So long as the likes of Killen and Beckwith are held up as the poster boys of that time and place, the mission to rebrand the South as the region that conquered not just racism but history will succeed—distorting our understanding both of what happened then and also what is happening now.

Schwerner's widow, Rita Schwerner Bender, hailed the verdict as "a day of great importance to all of us." But, she added, "Preacher Killen didn't act in a vacuum. The State of Mississippi was complicit in these crimes and all the crimes that occurred, and that has to be opened up."

This in no way diminishes the importance of insuring that those responsible for these crimes are brought to justice, argues Carolyn Goodman, the 89-year-old mother of Andrew. "[Killen] is a symbol. This is not just about one man. It's a symbol of what this country stands for. Whether it is a country of laws or something else, Bush or no Bush."

'For twenty or thirty years nobody really talked about it, and then boom. Now everybody talks about it.' —Anne, a Philadelphia waitress

But the notion that these crimes had broad approval at almost every level of white Southern society does suggest that there is more to racism in the South than these murders and more to these murders than these trials. "The question is what do these symbols mean," says Charles Payne, the Sally Dalton Professor of History, African American Studies and Sociology at Duke University. The trials are convenient for those who wish to claim that racism was practiced only by the poor and ended with segregation, says Payne. "Some people will say this is the face of racism. So racism becomes a historically congealed phenomenon. It is understood as just being the expression of hateful, poor white people who live in the South."

The details of what took place on June 21, 1964, have long been known. Some in Philadelphia believe Killen's actions that night have been, too. The three young men, who had joined the Mississippi Freedom Summer, a civil rights initiative to register black voters in the state, went missing after they had gone to investigate the burning of a black church nearby. That afternoon Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price stopped their car near Philadelphia and took them in, ostensibly on a speeding violation. Price, who has since died, used the time while the activists were in custody to alert local Klan members. When they were released later that night the posse of Klansmen, said to have been organized by Killen, followed them, murdered them and buried them in a nearby earthen dam.

That night, says Posey, who had gotten to know Schwerner and publicly supported the activists, he got a phone call: "They said, 'We took care of three of your friends tonight. You're next' and hung up. Well, I thought it was Edgar Ray Killen, but you can't see over a telephone." He left town shortly afterward. "Hell, the Klan was boasting about it," he recalls. "If you didn't know who committed the murders, you were either blind or hard of hearing."

In 1967 eighteen men were prosecuted in federal court on conspiracy charges relating to the case; seven were convicted but none served longer than six years. Among those who walked free without a day behind bars was Killen, the beneficiary of a hung jury, thanks to one juror who could not bring herself to convict a preacher.

Since most of this was known or suspected at the time of the murders, there has been no particular legal breakthrough that prompted investigators to revisit the case. "It wasn't like there was any one thing that happened that said, 'Here's the magic bullet,'" Neshoba County District Attorney Mark Duncan told the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette* in January, shortly after Killen was arrested. "It really was that we had gotten to the end. There was nothing left to do." Family members and civil rights activists were prompted to step up the pressure after Dahmer's murderer, Bowers, said in an interview with a state archivist in 1999 that "the main instigator" of the Philadelphia killings had walked free from the courtroom. Those familiar with the case say that at least seven others who were involved in the murders are still alive but not standing trial.

Philadelphia is a small town of 7,300 that is just over half white, just under half black and the rest Choctaw Indian. It sits ninety-eight miles northeast of Jackson and sixty northwest of Meridian, but is actually on the road to nowhere. Ronald Reagan chose the town for his first major campaign speech in the 1980 presidential campaign—appealing to racist Confederate nostalgia with a call for states' rights. Philadelphia's grim racial history put it on the map. But the faded shop fronts and low income levels (one in four families lives in poverty) suggest its grim economic present could just as soon wipe it off again.

Discussing the situation in the days before the trial began, a few people, like Barney Shephard, spoke up for Killen and said that the Mississippi Freedom Summer was a federally backed incursion masterminded by President John F. Kennedy. "The guy has been a good neighbor to me," he said of Killen. "He's 80 years old. And now to bring this up, after forty years, is beyond me." Few were as candid or as conspiratorial as Shephard. The rest of the town seemed to have settled on the notion that justice should be done. But they differed, crucially, on what justice actually means and what it could achieve. And like much else in the town, from where you live to where you worship, these differences fall almost exclusively along racial lines.

Over at Peggy's, a soul food restaurant-cum-living room just off the town's main square, you sit where you can, serve yourself when you're ready and leave your money in a basket on your way out. Here the trial had gone from being a decades-long taboo to a frequent subject of debate. "For twenty or thirty years nobody really talked about it, and then boom," said Anne, 24, a white waitress at Peggy's. "Now everybody talks about it." Anne grew up in Union, just fifteen miles away, but says she knew nothing about the murders until eight or nine months ago, when she saw the film *Mississippi Burning*, which is loosely based on the failed

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Gary Younge, a Guardian *correspondent, is the author of* No Place Like Home: A Black Briton's Journey Through the American South.

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investigation into the murders. "It just about tore my heart out. If he did it, he deserves to be punished, that's only right.... But I don't think they should have brought it back up. It is going to cause more problems in town. A lot has changed since then. You didn't see blacks and whites mingle then. You do now. This is a new generation. This could cause more problems."

Hope Jones, a 25-year-old African-American teacher at the local school, is part of the same generation but could not disagree more. "We just want to see justice done," she said. "If he's innocent, fine, but we want whoever did it. This could turn ugly.... It could be a racial thing, but it's not. White people should want justice done also."

Along with the few local whites like Posey who have long campaigned for prosecutions in the case, several others have come around in recent years. Sitting under a huge picture of Ronald and Nancy Reagan's visit to the Neshoba County Fair in the 1980s, Jim Prince, editor of the *Neshoba Democrat*, explained that he used to be against reopening the case but gradually came to see that the town could not move on without some resolution. Philadelphia would benefit, he said, because the trial would be the "outcome of doing the right thing. There would be some vindication, some redemption, some soul-cleansing. It will be the atonement, really, for this old sin. We have only got the legal system to go by. That's all we've got." And if there cannot be redemption, then Prince hopes there can at least be remuneration. "It's a captivating story," he says. "The dark of night, the Ku Klux Klan, you know, it's got all the elements for great drama, but it's a true story and it's a sad story.... I tell people if they can't be behind the call for justice because it's the right thing to do—and that's first and foremost—then they need to do it 'cause it's good for business."

'There's a kind of civic religion in asserting that the past is the past and we should put all these problems behind us.' —*Prof. Charles Payne*

For some in town, making money may be the first and only reason. At the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce you can find a glossy pamphlet titled "Neshoba County, African-American Heritage Driving Tour: Roots of Struggle, Rewards of Sacrifice." Inside you are invited to join "a journey toward freedom," complete with a map detailing where the three young men were murdered and buried. Such civil rights tourism would be a difficult sell as long as the perpetrators were still on the streets and everybody knew who they were. So Killen's trial was part of the town's business plan—a bid to capitalize on its ugly past in order to make money, at least in part, by showing how it has improved.

The desire of many Southerners for a makeover is understandable, as is their irritation at the North's continued attempts to caricature them. The smug and superior manner in which the rest of the country has embalmed the region in the 1960s, so as to better patronize it, has echoes of Europeans on an anti-American binge. Like the Europeans, Northerners have a point—but without sufficient humility and self-awareness of their own shortcomings, that point can soon implode under the weight of its own arrogance. According to a census report from 2002, the top five residentially segregated metropolitan areas in the United States are Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis and Newark. According to the Kaiser Family Foundation, you will find higher rates of black poverty in Wisconsin, Illinois and West Virginia than in Mississippi. And of the senators who refused to co-sponsor the anti-lynch-law apology, more than half were not from the South.

Mississippi shares the South's desire for change, and indeed has changed considerably. Two huge casinos run by Choctaw Indians are now among the largest employers in the Philadelphia area. You can see black and white youngsters interacting casually at school, and a few black people have moved into white areas. But these changes have come about not because most white Southerners wanted them to but because many black people and a handful of whites forced them to. "I'm happy to see everybody joining forces to make sure that we get this done now," says Eva Tisdale, 55, a native Mississippian who came to Philadelphia to participate in the Freedom Summer and stayed. Tisdale believes it is the business case, not the moral case, that has won over many of the whites who now back resolution of the legal case. "We organized marches and we marched and there were no white people marching—not from Philadelphia. So I know the reason we came together is not the same reason for all of us."

For if a lot has changed in Mississippi, an awful lot has also stayed the same. In a state where African-Americans constitute 36 percent of the population, they make up about 75 percent of prisoners. In a state that is already poor, black people are poorer still: According to the latest census, Mississippi has the fifth-lowest median income in the United States; the per capita income of black Mississippians is 51 percent that of their white counterparts. If there are tougher places to be black than Mississippi it is because those places are so bad, not because Mississippi is so good. The problem is not that some whites are trying to rebrand the South but that they are now peddling false goods. "There's a kind of civic religion in asserting that the past is the past and we should put all these problems behind us," says Payne. "Some people are using the progress that has been made to wipe out any sense of the past, as though they have conquered the past. The extent to which these convictions can get people to think critically about how privilege is shaped is the extent to which they strike me as being real and useful." Some would rather not acknowledge that racial privilege exists at all. "Race is not an issue now for younger people," says Prince. "Today, if you're willing to work hard and be honest, then you're able to succeed. There is equal opportunity in Philadelphia."

If Prince is right, then the poverty, low levels of educational achievement, unemployment and high prison rates among blacks not just in Philadelphia but elsewhere in the state and the country can be explained only by black people's genetic inability or inherent unwillingness to seize those opportunities. And so it is that even as these trials seek to cure one symptom, the racist infection mutates into an even more hardy strain. Killen may end up behind bars, but the logic and the system that produced him and made him infamous still remains free. ■

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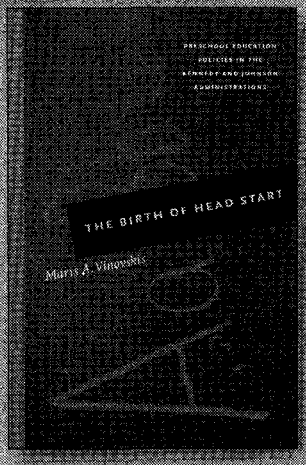

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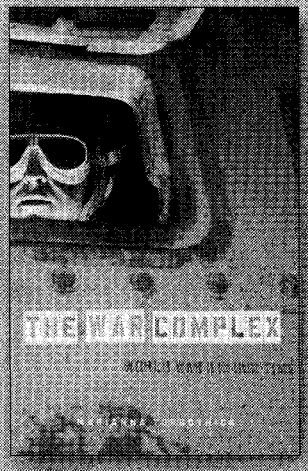

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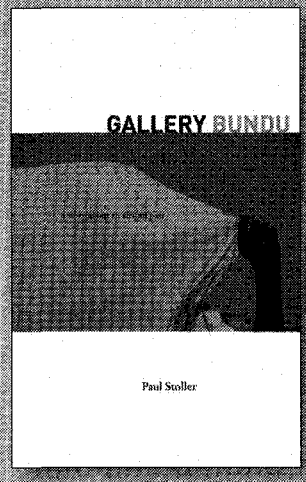

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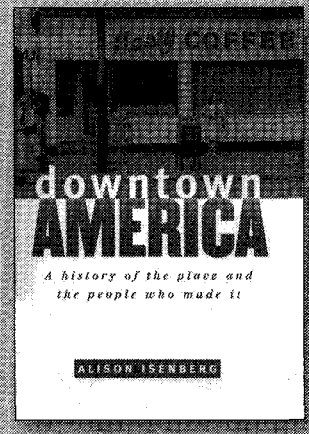

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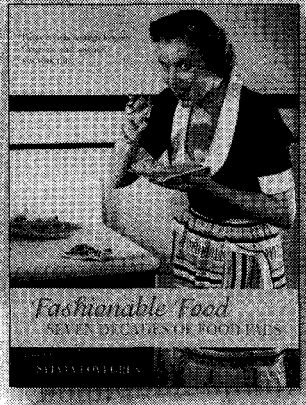

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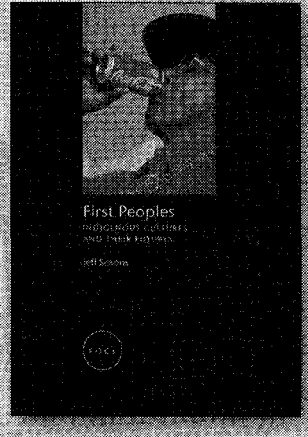

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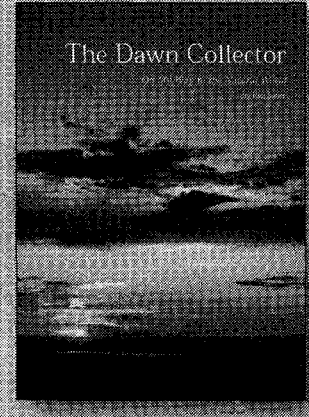

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Letter From El Salvador

by Peter Davis

AIR MAIL

FIRST CLASS

SPECIAL DELIVERY

AT THE EDGES OF EMPIRE

Don't expect this to make easy sense. El Salvador is a series of issues as much as it is a country, and to the degree it is a country it is one where contradictions and extremes rule. As well as paradox. Take, for example, gangs. The notorious Mara Salvatrucha gang roams the streets of the capital, San Salvador, as well as other cities, fighting for money, territory and control of the drug trade. But this gang is not from El Salvador at all. Mara Salvatrucha began in Los Angeles.

Given the uncertainties, let's start with El Salvador's facts:

Population: 6.7 million, a little larger than Massachusetts.

Area: a little smaller than Massachusetts.

Currency: US dollar, no local currency minted.

Taxation: no property tax, 13 percent sales tax.

Principal export: people; after that, coffee, sugar, rice.

Principal destination of exports, both legal and illegal: United States.

Principal import: remittances from Salvadorans in the United States, known as *remesas* and estimated at $2.5 billion annually, 17.1 percent of gross domestic product.

Ethnic groups: mestizo 90 percent, white 9 percent, Amerindian 1 percent or less, having been largely exterminated in a massacre decreed by the government in 1932.

Foreign businesses visible immediately on the streets of the capital: Wendy's (for *hamburguesas*), KFC (*pollo*), Pizza Hut, McDonald's, Burger King, Hyundai, Isuzu, Holiday Inn, Nine West, Tony Roma's, John Deere, Toyota, Blockbuster, Armani, Subway, Domino's Pizza, Payless ShoeSource, DuPont, Budget Rent A Car, not to mention Texaco and Shell stations. Emblems of a consumer nation, or are we talking corporate colonization here? Sorry, that's opinion, especially the left-loaded word "colonization." Stick to facts in this section.

Emigrant population: 2.5 million, legal and illegal, in the United States, more than one-third the total in El Salvador itself.

Most recent war: Currently the country is at war in Iraq, having sent 380 troops, six of whom were awarded the Bronze Star by Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld on a visit to El Salvador.

Most devastating war: The civil war lasted twelve years, from 1980 to 1992, costing El Salvador 75,000 lives and the United States between $4 billion and $6 billion as it supported the rightist government against leftist rebels. The peace accords of 1992 gave a place in the nation's politics both to the conservative ARENA party and the FMLN rebels.

Most recent election and candidates: In 2004 Tony Saca of the ARENA party defeated Schafik Handal of the FMLN party, though in 2003 the FMLN won more seats in the National Assembly. Saca and Handal are distant cousins from Palestinian families. Don't draw any conclusions; presumably they are just a couple of outsourced Palestinians looking for work.

Climate: tropical.

Enough facts. Now for opinion. El Salvador today is an Exhibit A casualty of the American imperium. The country is like a friend very slowly recovering from a grave illness—a stroke, perhaps, that paralyzed part of the body—and still relearning the use of limbs and powers of reasoning, occasionally suffering frustrating setbacks. The illness was not only the civil war but the way of the war—death squads, dictatorial regimes, massacres of entire villages, widespread torture, the assassination of the revered Archbishop Oscar Romero, the murder of American nuns, a sinister aura throughout the small country. Virtually every family has its horror story of brutality—abduction, rape, murder. Even unprosecuted perpetrators are not necessarily free from the emotional harvest of their acts. The cousin of a National Guard officer who was present at the infamous massacre in El Mozote told me his cousin is still "visited by fright and guilt." I asked whether this officer had committed murders himself. "If he was ordered he followed orders," the man said. "His nightmares are uncontrollable even with drugs, and he has been in and out of mental hospitals ever since."

The grave illness of El Salvador, this national stroke, was also finely calibrated and to a major degree funded, if not caused, by the United States. Our troops schooled the Salvadoran Army and its affiliated death squads, the Reagan Administration supported the hysterical fascism of the dictators, and our Special Forces and CIA taught the torturers their techniques. This was, in retrospect, spring training for Iraq.*

Like Iraq, with its own badly misunderstood history, El Salvador has problems that preceded US policy in the area. Beginning in the sixteenth century, the Spanish did an efficient job of creating an unholy trinity to preside over the poor in countries they colonized: army, church and oligarchy. El Salvador's oligarchy consisted primarily of fourteen families who controlled the economy and the rigid social ladder. The feudal system imposed by the Spanish persisted until the civil war brought about (some) land reform and (some) social mobility. The apparatus of class is exemplified today in fashionable neighborhoods by high walls topped with razor wire that protect

Peter Davis has reported for The Nation *from Nicaragua, Vietnam, Iraq and the Czech Republic.*

* A recent *New York Times Magazine* report identifies several Americans who worked with Special Forces in El Salvador and elsewhere in Latin America to promote US interests. Two of them are James Steele and Steve Casteel (such names, such Bunyanesque allegory, could be improved upon only by making the second one Castiron), who cut their teeth—and no doubt a lot of other people's—in El Salvador (Steele) and the drug wars of the Americas (Casteel). Now they help bring Iraq's new army up to speed on the counter-insurgency tactics they first practiced in Latin America.

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the rich from the poor. Socioeconomic poles are so far apart, El Salvador could be a laboratory for the study of unfairness.

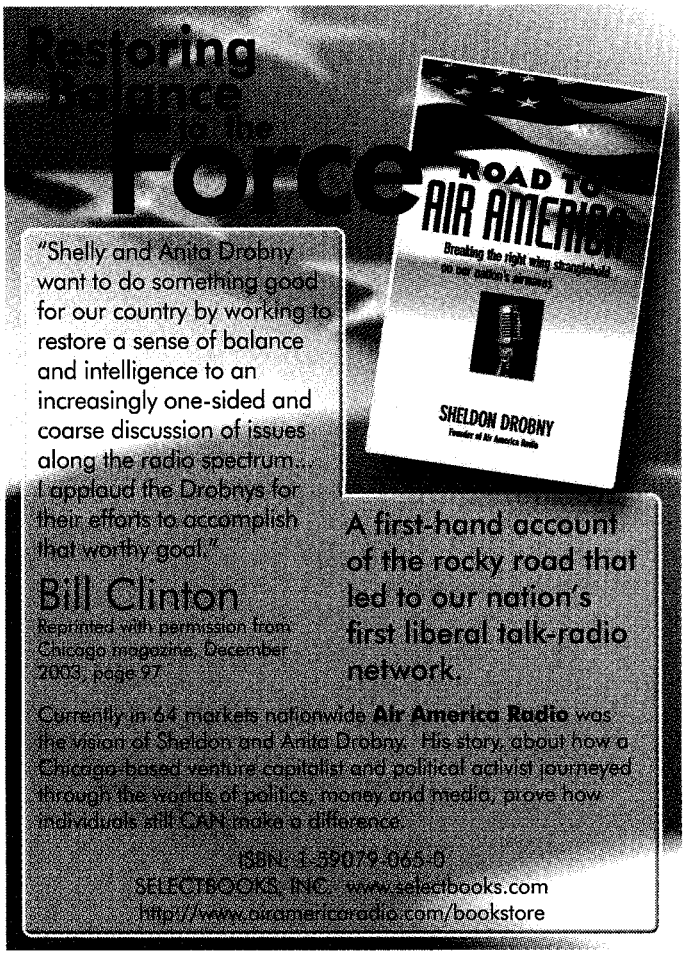
There is always the danger that a recovering patient can suffer a relapse, another stroke. Professor Benjamin Cuellar, director of the Institute for Human Rights at the University of Central America in San Salvador, sees a slightly modernized trinity blocking egalitarian progress the way the old Spanish one did. "We have the divine right of wealth here," he told me. "God the Father is the economic power of the rich families, the corporations and US interests. The Son is ARENA itself, which serves the rich, and the Holy Ghost is the media which support the rich and ARENA, who basically own them. No wonder human rights are threatened, not only by gangs but in the home."

On the question of the Central American Free Trade Agreement, currently before the US Congress, Cuellar is critical but fatalistic. "CAFTA is coming and it has provisions to expand the economy, but it will help only the rich," he said. "The government tells lies about how we will invade the United States with tamales and tortillas to drive out hamburgers. Our little industries can't really compete and will be flooded by American and Chinese products. The Salvadoran winners will be the bankers, the big landowners who build malls and own hotels, the Mercedes dealers. The poor will be the losers, as usual." CAFTA advocates say it will diversify the economy, bring jobs to El Salvador and industrialize the workforce. Crucial objections to CAFTA are that it provides no support for labor unions, does not guarantee even minimal working conditions, contains no protections for the environment and will put El Salvador's small farmers out of business by allowing cheaper corn and beans to come in from the north.

Like other Salvadorans of all classes, Cuellar sees the flow of immigrants to the United States as both a social escape valve and an indispensable part of the economy. "What would we do without 2.5 million Salvadorans in the United States? Simple: We'd collapse. Your government looks the other way on illegal immigrants, our government sends troops to Iraq, a total surrender to George Bush."

Illegal immigration led to the creation of Mara Salvatrucha, the gang that terrorizes urban El Salvador. It originated as a defense against Mexican gangs preying on Salvadoran immigrants in Los Angeles. When Mara Salvatrucha leaders were arrested and deported to El Salvador, they recruited new members, who headed north to the United States themselves, reinforcing what has become a 100,000-member international gang. The Department of Homeland Security catches those it can, sends them home and the recruiting cycle begins again among the dispossessed youth of El Salvador's poorest barrios.

At the other end of the spectrum, the US Embassy in San Salvador is a fine and private place, a moated compound against the country to which it is delegated, as meticulously landscaped, tennis-courted and pooled as a Connecticut country club. Diplomats there are more welcoming than at any embassy I have visited and refreshingly candid. The feeling among those I spoke with was that the FMLN would have won the last election if its candidate, Schafik Handal, hadn't been so bombastic and hot-tempered. They fear that ARENA President Saca's current outreach to the poor and proposed tax reforms will be scuttled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by his own wealthy supporters. These opinions were echoed by Americans both inside and outside the embassy.

An American with considerable experience in El Salvador rues the tax system, or lack of one, connecting it to the monthly remittances from the United States, out of which the Salvadoran banks take a cut. In a lengthy conversation, the only time I saw him agitated was when he talked about wealthy Salvadorans. "Remittances," he said, "amount to the poorest people in the country subsidizing the richest, the ones with three BMWs in their garages. The 13 percent sales tax hits the poor the hardest, and the rich pay no property tax. You can't run a country on a sales tax. The national sport here isn't soccer, it's tax evasion." This American, with contacts among the Salvadoran elite, did not want to be identified; he added that he levels these charges against the rich not as a socialist but as a conservative Republican.

'What would we do without 2.5 million Salvadorans in the United States? Simple: We'd collapse.' —*Benjamin Cuellar*

The irony of the remittances is that they are sent by Salvadorans who are themselves near the bottom of the US labor pool—maids, busboys, messengers, janitors. Two hardworking mothers in San Salvador who do not receive remittances themselves told me the payments are necessary but demoralizing. "My cousins are in a small village on the coast and have made their living as fishermen for generations," one said, "but the waters are becoming fished out. So they sit around waiting all month for their *remesas* to arrive from Houston and northern Virginia. I also have farming cousins in the mountains. When coffee prices went down they stopped planting, and now they just wait for the monthly payments. Their cousins in America clean houses and mow lawns. A couple of the guys found work in construction."

The other woman, who once studied medicine but now works as a driver and tour guide, was even bleaker. "The United States has El Salvador in the palm of its hand," she said. "If your government suddenly decided, for whatever reason, to deport a mere fraction of the illegal Salvadorans, say 100,000, our lifeline vanishes and the war would start again." Both women used exactly the same four words to describe the illegal immigration to the north: "This will never end."

"I completely disagree that *remesas* make bums of us," a villager far from the capital told me. Maria Celina Orellana is a 51-year-old mother of ten who, remarkably, looks a decade younger. She has struggled all her life for her family and her mountain village, Carasque, which has usually meant struggling against her government and its US sponsors. Orellana's allies—and Carasque's—are American NGOs in the country, working openly against Administration policy and continuing to try, if possible, to help Salvadorans resist the malignant effects of globalization without representation. Jesse Kates-Chinoy, a young American from Bangor, Maine, who works for the Sister Cities Program in El Salvador, took my wife and me three bumpy hours in a pickup—and developmentally, a light-year—from San Salvador to Carasque in the department of Chalatenango. El Salvador's pre-industrial past materialized as the noisy, dusty capital gave way to farmland, lush foliage, sparkling streams and hilly villages where people were traveling on foot or by donkey.

Carasque is near the Honduran border and has a population of about 400, making sister "city" an ambitious designation, but Peace through Interamerican Community Action (PICA) in Bangor has furnished, among other things, medicines, school supplies and money for a new soccer field in Carasque. Maria Celina Orellana, who is on the town council and twice the age of the other members, recalls the war in Carasque as freshly as if it had ended last month instead of thirteen years ago. Like many villages in Chalatenango, Carasque favored the FMLN rebels over the central government. "We hated the army," Orellana said. "When the army came to occupy us, the men of Carasque hid farther up in the mountains so they wouldn't be drafted against their will. The Guardia took our pigs and chickens and never paid us. If they asked for your ID and you didn't have it, they beat you. When the Guardia saw a woman walking alone, they would take her up the hill above here and rape her in a group. They would tell her if she talked they'd rip out her tongue." Two of Orellana's sons joined the rebels and were killed.

I asked Orellana if she herself was mistreated. As she answered she looked away, out the window of the enlarged tin-roof hut where the town council meets, and focused on a loofa tree. "We suffered because we had to protect our village." Still avoiding my eyes and continuing to use the first person plural, she said, "We were never safe when the Guardia was around. They were the most cruel. They took our houses, made us sleep outside, stole anything they wanted, made us do whatever they wanted us to do. Always when they were around we felt death in the air."

Orellana and others said there were no paid jobs in Carasque except for schoolteachers. Some of the villagers belong to a sewing cooperative, and they sell tapestries to people in Bangor and elsewhere. The men are almost all farmers, dreading the advent of CAFTA, which they are sure will drive them off the land. "We raise sugar and chickens," Orellana said, "and, yes, my son in Washington, DC, sends money home from his pay as a house painter. But no one sits back and waits here. We have no bums in Carasque." Outside, punctuating what Orellana had just said, three men passed carrying rakes while two women climbed the hill from a stream with green baskets on their heads full of laundry they had just washed. Neither used her hands to steady the baskets, one swinging her arms and the other holding a baby.

In Carasque's only shop, a combination general store and cafe, we ate a friendly fly-buzzed lunch while Kates-Chinoy described his work in Carasque and other villages as "essentially education and political advocacy." His parents spent several years in El Salvador, and his father, Dennis Chinoy, recently published an op-ed in which he argued that under CAFTA public education, fire departments, libraries and even water supplies are all "fair game for privatization." In a worst-case nightmare, remittances to El Salvador could become the intravenous feeding tube keeping a comatose country alive. Even in Carasque, cognitive dissonance lives: As we ate, the shop's television was

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tuned to a rerun of the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show in Madison Square Garden with its display of champion borzois, Shih Tzus, corgis and *bichons frisés*, whose collective grooming costs more than Carasque's citizens see in a year, remittances included. If anyone was offended, there was no sign. As in villages throughout the Third World, Carasque's television seemed to be utilized less for its dramatic or informational possibilities than for its anesthetic properties.

When I returned to San Salvador for an appointment with the former medical student now working as a tour guide, she told me that, at 35, she was already too old to be hired by one of the corporations now dotting the city. As a working mother supporting her son without remittances, she would like at least to be eligible for an office job. "Nothing doing," she said. "These men, they want only young women to look at and to serve them." We were joined by her parents, who had lived for a dozen years in San Francisco. "Machismo is our enemy here," her stately mother said. "It keeps everyone down, the men stupid and the women ignorant. Educate the women and you educate the country."

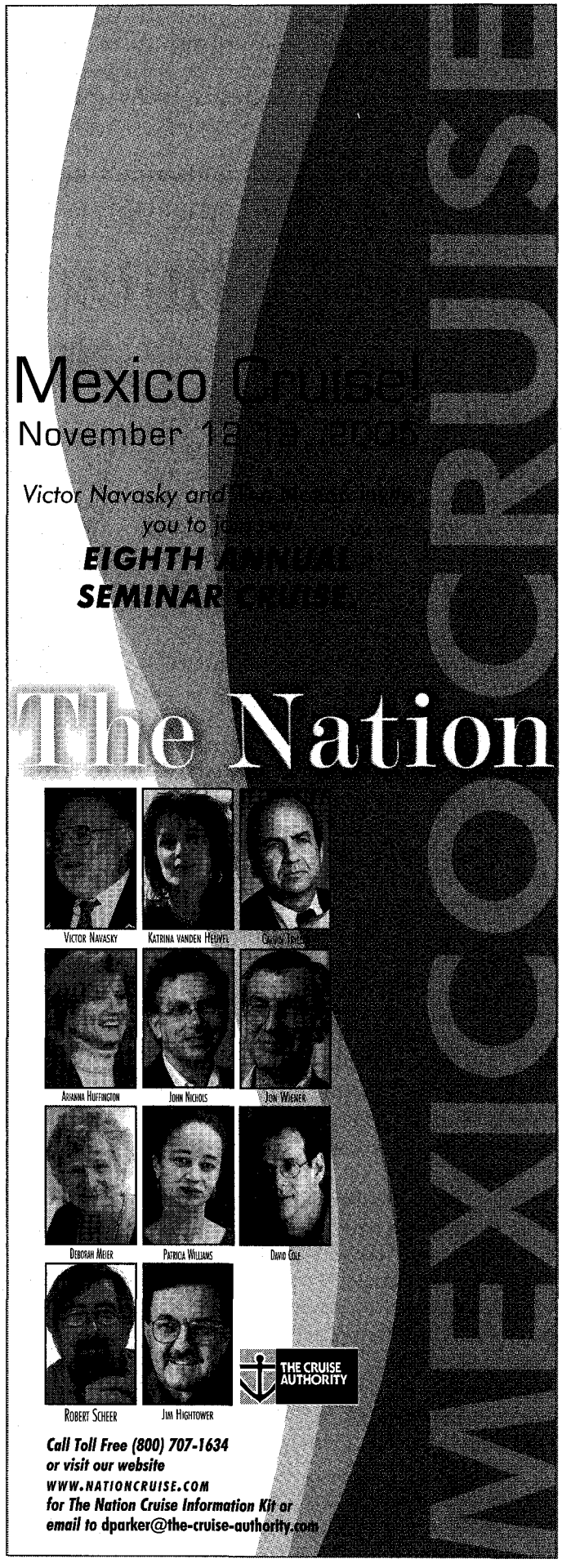
Meanwhile, security was being beefed up all over the city because the day after I was to leave El Salvador, Condoleezza Rice was coming through on a politicothankyoudiplophotoop to tell the only Central American country still maintaining troops in Iraq how much its patron appreciated the gesture.

On my last afternoon in the country I went to see Maria Julia Hernandez, for several decades El Salvador's guardian of human rights. She works in an office so spare the only ornamentation is a large cross flanked by a pair of photographs of the assassinated Archbishop Romero, with whom she worked a generation ago. Even when she is most critical of American policy or of cruelties in El Salvador, Hernandez smiles indulgently. She has the beatific visage of a Buddha or—on her own religious compass—of a slowly aging Latina angel. "Human rights today is a very delicate subject here," she said. "In a structural way the majority of people are threatened every day—by the gangs, of course, but also by bandits and even the national police, who are very corrupt and take bribes. They also still use torture. The problem with youth gangs is real, but the police don't try to solve it except by force. This is no good—we have to include young people in choosing their futures, not simply suppress them."

Hernandez pointed to a kind of violence worse than that caused by gangs or police, which Professor Cuellar had alluded to when he mentioned human rights in the home. "Family crimes against women and children," she said, "this is more serious than the gangs. Men with no jobs turn to domestic violence. Women are killed in horrible ways. As El Salvador's debts go up, social conditions go down. The same causes exist that were here before the civil war—social and economic inequality, the threat and reality of violence. The politicians are shouting now instead of shooting, but the conditions are the same as before. Men have so few jobs, the factories that exist exploit women terribly and the *remesas* are not healthy for an economy or a people."

I asked if she had any hope.

"Solidarity," Maria Julia Hernandez said, smiling more broadly even as she described a country on life support. "I always have hope that enough people will come together to work for a just



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society. The United States could help by understanding that other people, not only Americans, are human beings too, and by paying attention to international agreements on the environment, global warming and human rights. I admire so much in the United States—the goodness and generosity of the people, and the values and rights you believe in—but your foreign policy is terrible. We should bring our soldiers home from Iraq, and so should you. Why do you have such a terrible foreign policy?"

"Why?" I said.

"You tell me," she said, still smiling. ■

ALAN DERSHOWITZ ADVOCATES THE FIRST AMENDMENT—EXCEPT, PERHAPS, FOR HIS CRITICS.

Giving Chutzpah New Meaning

JON WIENER

What do you do when somebody wants to publish a book that says you're completely wrong? If you're Alan Dershowitz, the prominent Harvard law professor, and the book is Norman Finkelstein's *Beyond Chutzpah: On the Misuse of Anti-Semitism and the Abuse of History*, you write the governor of California and suggest that he intervene with the publisher—because the publisher is the University of California Press, which conceivably might be subject to the power of the governor.

PETER O. ZIERLEIN

Schwarzenegger, showing unusual wisdom, declined to act. The governor's legal affairs secretary wrote Dershowitz, "You have asked for the Governor's assistance in preventing the publication of this book," but "he is not inclined to otherwise exert influence in this case because of the clear, academic freedom issue it presents." In a phone interview Dershowitz denied writing to the Governor, declaring, "My letter to the Governor doesn't exist." But when pressed on the issue, he said, "It was not a letter. It was a polite note."

Old-timers in publishing said they'd never heard of another case where somebody tried to get a governor to intervene in the publication of a book. "I think it's a first," said Andre Schiffrin, managing director at Pantheon Books for twenty-eight years and then founder and director of the New Press. Lynne Withey, director of the University of California Press, where she has been for nineteen years, said, "I've never heard of such a case in California."

But if you're Alan Dershowitz, you don't stop when the governor declines. You try to get the president of the University of California to intervene with the press. You get a prominent law firm to send threatening letters to the counsel to the university regents, to the university provost, to seventeen directors of the press and to nineteen members of the press's faculty editorial committee. A typical letter, from Dershowitz's attorney Rory Millson of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, describes "the press's decision to publish this book" as "wholly illegitimate" and "part of a conspiracy to defame" Dershowitz. It concludes, "The only way to extricate yourself is immediately to terminate all professional contact with this full-time malicious defamer." Dershowitz's own letter to members of the faculty editorial committee calls on them to "reconsider your decision" to recommend publication of the book.

Why would a prominent First Amendment advocate take such an action? Dershowitz told *Publishers Weekly* that "my goal has never been to stop publication of this book." He told me in an e-mail, "I want Finkelstein's book to be published, so that it can be demolished in the court of public opinion." He told *Publishers Weekly* his only purpose in writing the people at the University of California Press was "to eliminate as many of the demonstrable falsehoods as possible" from the book before it was published.

Everyone knows who Alan Dershowitz is—the famed Harvard professor, part of the O.J. Simpson defense team, author of the number-one bestseller *Chutzpah*, portrayed by Ron Silver in the film *Reversal of Fortune*, about his successful defense of accused wife-murderer Klaus von Bülow. He's also one of the most outspoken defenders of Israel, especially in his 2003 book *The Case for Israel*; it reached number twelve on the *New York Times* bestseller list. That's the book Finkelstein challenges in *Beyond Chutzpah*.

Norman Finkelstein is not so famous. The son of Holocaust survivors, he is an assistant professor of political science at DePaul University in Chicago. He's the often embattled author of several books, of which the best known is *The Holocaust Industry: Reflections on the Exploitation of Jewish Suffering*—an exposé of what he calls "the blackmail of Swiss banks." It was originally published by Verso in 2000, with an expanded second edition in 2003, and has been translated into seventeen languages. The book was reviewed in the *New York Times Book Review* by the distinguished Holocaust historian Omer Bartov, who holds a chair at Brown University; he wrote that the book "is filled with precisely the kind of shrill hyperbole that Finkelstein rightly deplores in much of the current media hype over the Holocaust; it is brimming with the same indifference to historical facts, inner contradictions, strident politics and dubious contextualizations; and it oozes with the same smug sense of moral and intellectual superiority." (A positive review, written by Neve Gordon, appeared in these pages on November 13, 2000.)

Jon Wiener, a Nation *contributing editor, teaches history at the University of California, Irvine. His most recent book is* Historians in Trouble: Plagiarism, Fraud, and Politics in the Ivory Tower *(New Press).*

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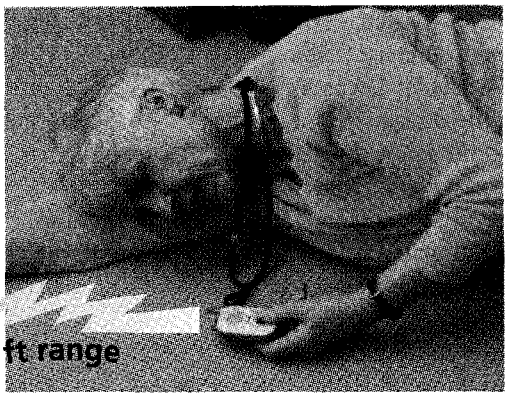

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Finkelstein's *Holocaust Industry*, however, has some prominent supporters, and not only leftists like Noam Chomsky and Alexander Cockburn. Most significant is Raul Hilberg, the semi-official dean of Holocaust studies and author of the classic *The Destruction of the European Jews*, who wrote of *The Holocaust Industry*, "I would now say in retrospect that he was actually conservative, moderate and that his conclusions are trustworthy.... I am by no means the only one who, in the coming months or years, will totally agree with Finkelstein's breakthrough."

Dershowitz did not see the manuscript for *Beyond Chutzpah* before writing his letters, which were based instead on statements Finkelstein had made in interviews and lectures. Dershowitz's attorney objected first of all to Finkelstein's statements that Dershowitz "almost certainly didn't write [*The Case for Israel*], and perhaps didn't even read it prior to publication." He also objected to the charge that Dershowitz is guilty of plagiarism—more on that later—and that "every substantive sentence" in the Dershowitz book "is fraudulent." Finkelstein has been telling this to anyone who will listen, and wrote as much in an e-mail to me: "I devote some 200 pages to documenting that *every substantive fact in the book is a flat-out lie*." (Emphasis in original.)

Sara Roy of Harvard's Center for Middle Eastern Studies calls Beyond Chutzpah *'a vigorous, intelligent, succinct and powerfully argued analysis.'*

Now that the "uncorrected pages" of *Beyond Chutzpah* are being sent out to reviewers, it's possible to see what Finkelstein's book actually says. (Disclosure: A senior editor of *The Nation* served as a freelance editor of *Beyond Chutzpah*.) The claim that Dershowitz didn't write *The Case for Israel* has been removed—the UC Press explained in a statement accompanying review copies that "Professor Finkelstein's only claim on the issue was speculative. He wondered why Alan Dershowitz, in recorded appearances after his book was published, seemed to know so little about the contents of his own book. We felt this weakened the argument and distracted from the central issues of the book. Finkelstein agreed."

But the rest of the claims Dershowitz and his attorney railed against are still there: *Beyond Chutzpah* describes Dershowitz's *Case for Israel* as "among the most spectacular academic frauds ever published on the Israel-Palestine conflict." In Dershowitz's book, "It's difficult to find a single claim...that's not either based on mangling a reputable source or referencing a preposterous one, or simply pulled out of the air." He charges that Dershowitz "plagiarizes large swaths" of his book from Joan Peters's *From Time Immemorial*, whose scholarship Finkelstein had debunked in an earlier book. The introduction concludes by calling *The Case for Israel* "rubbish."

The body of *Beyond Chutzpah* shows Finkelstein to be an indefatigable researcher with a forensic ability to take apart other people's arguments. The core of the book challenges Dershowitz's defense of Israel's human rights record by citing the findings of mainstream groups, including Amnesty International, the Israeli human rights organization B'Tselem and Human Rights Watch.

The most important part of the book examines Israel's treatment of Palestinian civilians during the second intifada, which began in September 2000. Since then Israel has killed three Palestinians for every Israeli killed. Dershowitz tries to defend this ratio, writing that "when only innocent civilians are counted, significantly more Israelis than Palestinians have been killed." But Finkelstein cites Amnesty International's conclusion that "the vast majority of those killed and injured on both sides have been unarmed civilians and bystanders." That means Israel has killed something like three times as many unarmed civilians and bystanders as Palestinians have.

Dershowitz has a second argument: While Palestinian terrorists have targeted Israeli civilians intentionally, the killing of Palestinian civilians by the Israel Defense Forces is "unintended," "inadvertent" and "caused accidentally," because the IDF follows international law, which requires the protection of civilian noncombatants. For example, Dershowitz writes, the IDF tries to use rubber bullets "and aims at the legs whenever possible" in a policy designed to "reduce fatalities." But Finkelstein's evidence to the contrary is convincing: Amnesty International reported in 2001 that "the overwhelming majority of cases of unlawful killings and injuries in Israel and the Occupied Territories have been committed by the IDF using excessive force." Amnesty cited the use of "helicopters in punitive rocket attacks where there was no imminent danger to life." As for the rubber bullets, Amnesty reported in 2002 that the IDF "regularly" used them against demonstrators who were children "at distances considerably closer than the minimum permitted range...and the pattern of injury indicates that IDF practice has not been to aim at the legs of demonstrators, as the majority of injuries suffered by children from rubber-coated bullets are to the upper body and the head."

Another of Dershowitz's examples of Israeli protection of Palestinian civilians concerns Hamas leader Salah Shehadeh. Dershowitz writes that on several occasions, the army passed up opportunities to attack him "because he was with his wife or children." But in July 2002 an Israeli F-16 dropped a one-ton bomb on Shehadeh's apartment building in Gaza City, killing Shehadeh and fourteen Palestinian civilians, nine of whom were children.

Most of *Beyond Chutzpah* consists of these kinds of juxtapositions—arguments by Dershowitz on Israeli practices of torture, assassinations, treatment of Palestinian children, and water and land rights, refuted by documentation from human rights organizations. The cumulative effect is a devastating portrait of widespread Israeli violations of human rights principles and international law.

Finkelstein has won support for his book from leading scholars, whose statements appear in the book's publicity materials: Baruch Kimmerling, who holds a chair in sociology at Hebrew University of Jerusalem, and whose book on Palestinian history was published by Harvard University Press, calls *Beyond Chutzpah* "the most comprehensive, systematic and well documented work of its kind." Sara Roy of the Center for Middle Eastern Studies at Harvard, whose book on political Islam in Palestine has just been published by Princeton University Press, calls *Beyond Chutzpah* "a vigorous, intelligent, succinct and

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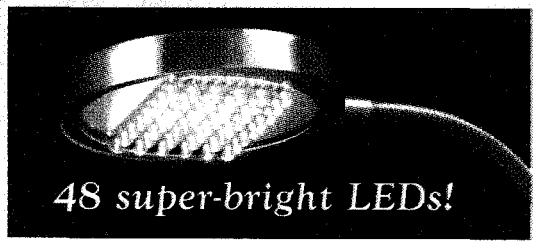

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powerfully argued analysis." Avi Shlaim, professor of international relations at Oxford, calls it a work of "erudition, originality, spark, [and] meticulous attention to detail." Daniel Boyarin, professor of Near Eastern studies at UC Berkeley, calls the book "accurate, well-written, and devastatingly important."

The argument about plagiarism, which has figured prominently in the pre-publication controversy over the book, has been relegated to an appendix. Finkelstein's evidence has already been presented in these pages by Alexander Cockburn and debated by Dershowitz in letters exchanges with Cockburn [October 13, October 27 and December 15, 2003]; thus it can be summarized here briefly. In the Dershowitz book, twenty-two out of fifty-two quotations and endnotes in the first two chapters "match almost exactly" material quoted in Joan Peters's *From Time Immemorial*—including the placement of ellipses in quotations. *Beyond Chutzpah* has an eleven-page chart comparing these quotations. They are virtually identical. But Dershowitz never acknowledges Peters as the source for these quotations; instead, he cites the original sources that appear in Peters's footnotes.

The official policy on plagiarism at Harvard, where Dershowitz teaches, is clear on this issue: "Plagiarism is passing off a source's information, ideas, or words as your own by omitting to cite them." Dershowitz in an e-mail made three arguments in his defense: first, for three of the quotations in question, "I have incontrovertible evidence that I was using those quotations in the 1970s in debates," and thus "I did not originally find them in the Peters book." Second, although he did not cite Peters for the quotations listed by Finkelstein, he did cite her as the source of "at least eight" others. As to why he failed to cite Peters for the quotations in question, Dershowitz acknowledges that he found them originally in Peters, but "I then went to the Harvard library, read them, and cited them in the original," without indicating that he found them first in the Peters book—a citation practice that he (and some of his defenders) regards as proper.

But Finkelstein somehow obtained a copy of the uncorrected page proofs of *The Case for Israel* containing some devastating footnotes, which he reproduces in *Beyond Chutzpah*—including one that says "Holly Beth: cite sources on pp. 160, 485, 486 fns 141-145." Holly Beth Billington is credited on Dershowitz's acknowledgments page as one of his research assistants; the pages to which he refers her are from Peters's book. The note doesn't tell Holly Beth that Dershowitz is going to the Harvard library to check the original sources, nor does it tell Holly Beth that she should go to the library to check; it says she should "cite" them—copy the citations from Peters into his footnote, presumably to give readers the impression that he consulted the original source. That's not plagiarism in the sense of failing to put in quotation marks the words of somebody else, and the Harvard administration has taken no action in response to Finkelstein's charge. But it's clearly dishonest for Dershowitz to have passed off another scholar's research as his own.

The Finkelstein book was originally under contract to the New Press, and Dershowitz claims he succeeded in persuading the New Press to drop it. He told me in an e-mail that after he wrote the New Press pointing out "numerous factual inaccuracies in Finkelstein's manuscript, New Press cancelled it's [*sic*] contract with him." New Press publisher Colin Robinson says that's not true: "We did not cancel the agreement to publish Norman's book and never wanted to do so." Finkelstein said the same thing in an e-mail: "I was the one who pulled out of the contract when publication was delayed due to Dershowitz's letters. In fact, Colin urged me to reconsider the decision and stay with New Press."

Now, despite Dershowitz's best efforts, UC Press is publishing the book—to the great credit of director Withey and history editor Niels Hooper. The book is appearing in August rather than June—because, according to the press statement, "editing and production took longer than we hoped." Hooper explained that California published the book not as part of a personal feud between Finkelstein and Dershowitz but because the chapters on human rights "show what is going on in the Occupied Territories and Israel." Dershowitz is relevant as a prominent defender of Israeli policies and practices.

Will Dershowitz now sue for libel in federal court in Boston, or in London, where the law makes it easier for libel plaintiffs to win—as his attorney at Cravath, Swaine & Moore has threatened? That would be another shameful act by a man who claims to be a defender of free speech. ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

tling operations in Plachimada, India, water levels dropped dramatically and water quality declined so much that it created health problems and gave people rashes. On the brink of a global water crisis, corporations like Coca-Cola are turning a human right into a commodity. As wells run dry and water tables drop, people's health and lives are threatened.

Members of Corporate Accountability International (formerly Infact) have been exposing the truth behind the corporate PR, challenging irresponsible and dangerous corporate actions for more than twenty-five years. When we first confronted General Electric's top leadership, they denied their role in the deadly nuclear weapons buildup. When we first challenged Philip Morris, the corporation was still denying that its products are addictive, or even harmful.

At the Coca-Cola annual shareholders' meeting, which I attended on April 19, CEO E. Neville Isdell denied Coke's responsibility for the problems facing the people of Plachimada and claimed that "we have a good story to tell about water."

Activists took control of that shareholders' meeting, delivering a resounding message that the worldwide movement challenging the corporation's abuses is growing. Isdell failed to address people's concerns, but mounting pressure is forcing Coke's leadership to respond.

KATHRYN MULVEY, *executive director*
Corporate Accountability International

CORRECTION

■ The report by John Conyers's Congressional committee, mentioned in Gore Vidal's "Something Rotten in Ohio" in the June 27 issue, has been published by Academy Chicago Publishers (www.academychicago.com) under the title *What Went Wrong in Ohio: The Conyers Report on the 2004 Presidential Election.* The book features an introduction by Gore Vidal, a portion of which appeared in his *Nation* piece.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Reflections on the Body Politic: A Conversation With David Grossman

In 1987 the Israeli novelist David Grossman published *The Yellow Wind*, a searching, sympathetic portrait of life in the occupied West Bank. The book marked a watershed in Israeli culture, presenting an image of the Palestinians that was rarely seen in the Hebrew press—not as rejectionist "others" but as poorer neighbors whose idealized past and contemporary struggle for statehood were uncomfortably familiar. *The Yellow Wind* was also unusually frank in its depiction of the refugees' grievous condition and their subjugation under Israeli rule, and Grossman's sense of mounting tension within the camps was prescient: A few months after the book's release the first intifada broke out, inaugurating an independence struggle in the occupied territories that continues to this day.

Since then Grossman has spoken out consistently in favor of a two-state solution, most recently as a signatory to the Geneva Accord, an unofficial alternative to the road map that specifies terms for a final-status agreement. Yet as the scope of his political influence has widened, his fiction has turned increasingly inward. Perhaps in defiance of reality, Grossman has constructed an imaginary Israel where violent conflict breaks out only through allegory or emotion. Farrar, Straus & Giroux has just published the English translation of *Her Body Knows*, a pair of erotic novellas written at the height of the second intifada. In "Frenzy," a man's obsession with his wife's infidelity leads to his own, private betrayal. In the title story, a novelist writes a vindictive roman à clef about her mother and recites it at her deathbed. Both stories are taut psychological dramas; neither makes even a passing mention of the intifada.

For our interview, Grossman suggested we meet at the Montefiore Windmill, a Jerusalem landmark. Built in 1857 by a British Zionist named Moses Montefiore, the flour mill was beset by failures and closed after a few years of spotty service. Today it survives as a symbol of early Jewish settlement beyond the Old City and as a memorial site commemorating the local struggle between Arab forces and the Zionist Haganah during the 1948 war. For Grossman, though, its history is also personal. While writing *See Under: Love* (1989), a structurally daring novel in which the Holocaust is reimagined from a multiplicity of perspectives, he took up residence at the artistic retreat located on the same grounds.

After a brief tour, we sat down for coffee and cheesecake in the elegant Mishkenot Sha'ananim Restaurant, near a window with a stunning view of the surrounding hills. Grossman, dressed casually in a black shirt and jeans, spoke openly, affably, with a flair for metaphor. When the conversation turned to fiction, his eyes flickered with excitement. When it turned to politics, he stabbed a finger in the air, and his tone grew sharp. One has the impression of a man torn between his creative flights and the inescapable grasp of his homeland.

Despite Grossman's growing involvement in Israeli-Palestinian peace efforts, his fiction has turned increasingly, defiantly inward.

—Mark Sorkin

What is the role of politics in your fiction?

Like most writers who work in a traumatized area, Israeli writers are judged according to how political we are in our writing. But I can't accept that. Sometimes I write a book that has a strong relevance to the political reality of everyday life in Israel, and sometimes I write about the lives of people who do not have any straight relationship to politics but who, by being Israelis, are affected by what happens here. For example, *Someone to Run With* [2004] does not deal with the conflict with the Palestinians. But it deals with homeless children in Jerusalem, and

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the fact that there is no money to take care of them derives from the fact that so much of our money goes to security and settlements. There is this metaphor that I like, of a suit of armor without a knight inside it. This is how we are now: All our energy, all our creativity, money, effort—it all goes to defend the borders. And in the end, this is not enough. The suit of armor is only there to defend the person inside. *Be My Knife* [2001] and *Someone to Run With* and *Her Body Knows*—they are about the things that politics confiscates from us.

To what extent has Israeli history shaped you?

I was born [in Jerusalem] in 1954. My maternal grandparents came from Poland in the late '20s, and the mother of my father was a widow when she came here in 1936. So our nuclear family did not suffer directly from the Shoah, but the trauma was engraved in all of us. My generation was born into a nation that really rose from ashes, and there was always this contradiction between feeling like the strongest, most powerful element in the Middle East and identifying with the broken people we saw, mad with memories. In my neighborhood, you saw people with numbered tattoos. People used to cry out in their nightmares, and we heard them. But what was strange was that people did not talk about it. In those years, it was as if they didn't want to interfere with the momentum of building up the myth of a strong state. As children we got all the contradictory radiation of strength and fragility. This manic-depressive wave went through us all the time. Both the fears and the vanities were very strong and formative to us as children.

Much of your fiction deals with boyhood rites of passage. What aspect of childhood inspires you?

It's the most complicated and sometimes even tragic period in our lives, even though it has its own energy and magic. Children, especially if they are sensitive, can be very lonely. It's difficult for a child to decode and adjust to all the hidden intentions of adults. You feel you are prey to the arbitrariness of your own system, and you have almost no solace or comfort. And you are all the time betrayed from within, because you don't know what to expect. You don't know that every little thing is not the end of the world, that things are going to change.

It sounds like you're describing Israel.

Israel had a history of 4,000 years before she was a baby. When I wrote *See Under: Love*, there was a character named Kazak, the child who was born like an old man. Israel is this Kazak. When you grow up with so many tragedies ingrained in your genes, it's difficult to preserve naïveté—in the good sense, I mean. But Israelis like to see Israel as a kind of wunderkind among nations, and it has been. We created a culture, an agriculture, restored the Hebrew language and built our army, our democracy. It's not the best democracy on earth, and if you're an Arab in Israel you may not feel it's a democracy at all. But if we look at other countries that were established at the same time, I don't think that more than one or two of them remained as a democracy. We did, and we had all the reasons in the world not to, because there was not a democratic tradition for us as Jews.

The greatest test facing Israeli Jews, says Grossman, is to be a 'fair and generous, considerate majority toward the non-Jews here.'

How do you respond to the criticism that the idea of a Jewish state is irreconcilable with the idea of democracy?

It's a strong argument, and I can't say I can settle all the contradictions, because I want Israel to be a Jewish state. Among the hundreds of states that exist in the world, I want to have one—not two, but one—that will be able to fulfill and implement the Jewish heritage and values and way of life.... It's horrible that a country like ours, with 6.7 million people, gives up on one-fifth of its population. Palestinians should have as many rights as possible, as a national minority that accepts that they live in a Jewish state. This is the greatest test of our democracy, to show that we as Jews—who always have been a minority—know how to be a fair and generous, considerate majority toward the non-Jews here.... Of course, in these days, we do not feel that being a majority helps us to recover from the traumas of the past—sometimes on the contrary. But maybe this is an interim stage, a time to finish the conflict with our neighbors, settle our borders, write a Constitution, to become more part of reality. This is our curse, that in a way we are never part of reality, we are always living in another dimension as well. On the one hand, it gives you this air of spirituality, of uniqueness. On the other hand, you start to regard yourself as a society that does not obey the rules of normality: of politics, the economy, relationships.

It seems like that sort of condition is a ripe breeding ground for magical realists, yourself included. The section in See Under: Love *in which the Polish novelist Bruno Schultz transforms into a salmon and swims away from Nazi-era Danzig has been interpreted by some critics as an Israeli myth of creation. Others suggest you were also commenting on Israel's problem with political reality, as you just mentioned.*

No, no, no. For me, the part of Bruno was about how to maintain your humanity in an impossible situation. The power of creativity against arbitrariness: This is what Bruno is about. Of course it can be applied as a political text. OK, but in that sense, if I write a cookbook, then it will also be interpreted as something political. In the first story in *Her Body Knows*, there is a couple who are driving together from Jerusalem to the Negev, to find someone in the desert. The atmosphere is very condensed; it's a very claustrophobic story between them in this bubble of the car. I came to Italy when the book was published, and an Italian journalist said, "Mr. Grossman, is this car an allegory for the situation of suffocation between Jews and Palestinians?" Come on! I mean, really. Reality is so much more interesting than that.

Speaking of reality, what do you think of Ariel Sharon's plan to disengage from Gaza?

I think it's very important that Israel begin to get out of the occupied territories, because after thirty-eight years of dealing only with the question of settlement and occupation, people start to think that this is a situation of eternity, or divine decree. On the conceptual level, it's important that Ariel Sharon, the person who is the most responsible for our tragic situation now—who deliberately planned, thirty years ago, the myth of settlements and put them in the places that will be an obstacle for any future peace treaty—it's so important that he will uproot them himself. And I use the word "uproot" because I don't want to whitewash this. People are going to be uprooted, and it's going to be very cruel, very violent. Blood will be shed, I'm sure of that.

Does it upset you that part of this proposal includes the acceptance of some settle-

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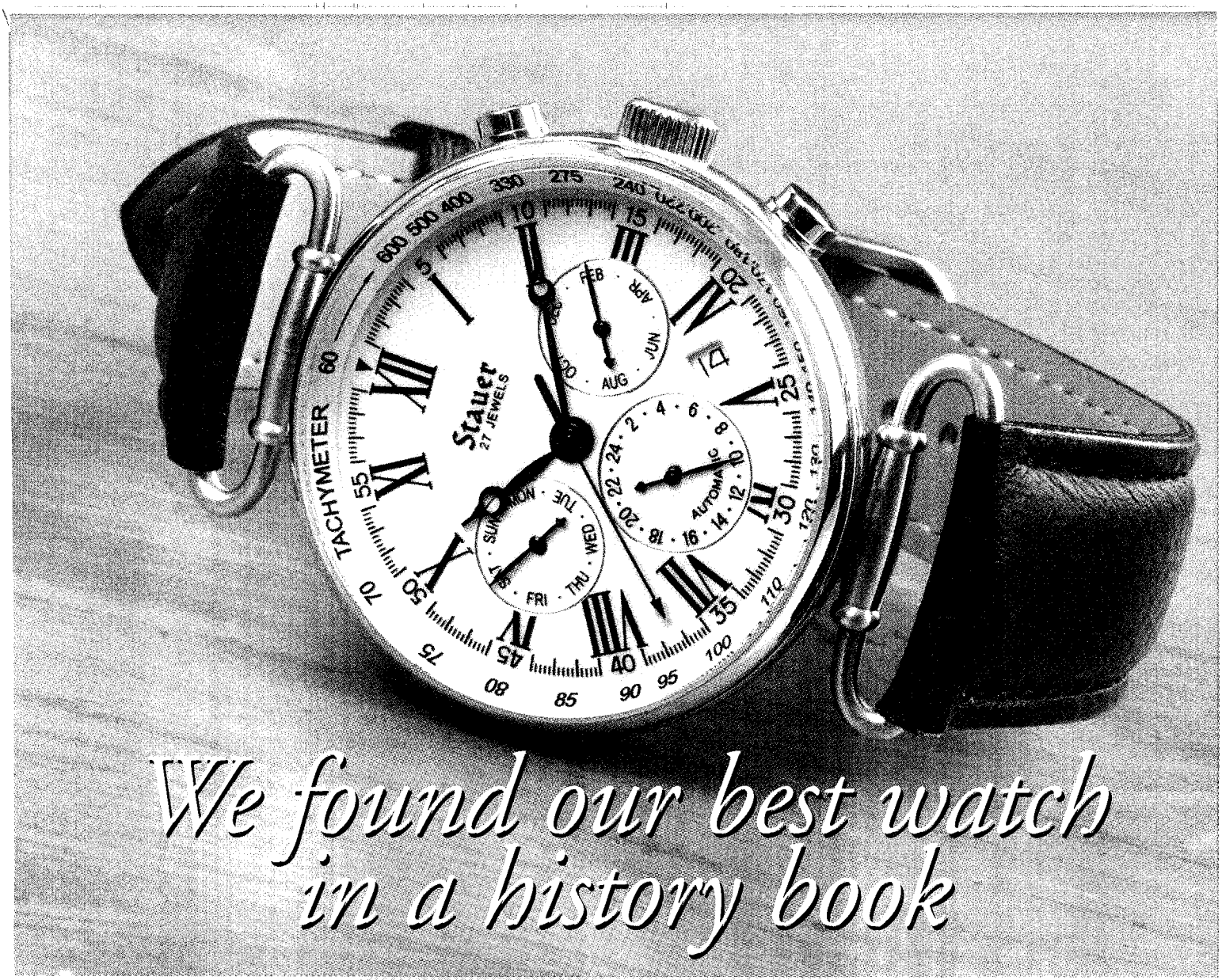

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ments in the West Bank? Furthermore, what do you think of America's support for keeping these settlements, which President Bush has called the "demographic realities on the ground"?

Sharon has said that we have a great friend in the White House. I wish we had a lesser good friend, who helps our real interests—not the interest of the Likud Party.... You see, it is possible that Israel, with the help of the United States, could break the arm of the Palestinians and make them sign a contract according to the Bush vision. It's good for Israel in the short term, but it's not good for the relationship between us and the Palestinians. If you want someone to be your partner, you don't break his arm.

It's interesting to hear you use that phrase. You tend to describe the "body politic" quite literally in your essays.

I write from the body.

Thinking about Israel's separation barrier in this way, I begin to see it as a scar. How do you see it?

At the height of the *piguim*, the terror acts here in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, people felt they needed this wall as a psychological medicine, a placebo. When it first started going up, I wrote an article against it in *Yediot Ahronot*. Nobody responded, dead silence. Then Benjamin Ben-Eliezer, the minister of defense at the time, called me and said, "Come to my office. I want to explain something to you." He gave me a lecture with all kinds of electronic tricks with lights on a map, and I thought, "Whatever he tells me, it is *so* wrong." Now, I want to be clear: I think we need a border to defend ourselves but also, and more important for me, to create the notion of a border. We have had a very ambiguous attitude toward the idea of a border, all throughout our history. It's this dance we have had with other nations—our strong drive to assimilate, and all the efforts of the anti-Semites to put us in ghettos, has created this uncontainable, undecipherable element inside us, but at the same time it radiates something of restlessness. Listen, I'm 50 now. All my life, the border has moved. All my life! How many times have we invaded Egypt in the south and then evacuated? Lebanon in the north, and evacuated. The east border with Jordan and the Palestinians—it's so unclear where we end and they start. It's like living in a house with mobile walls. No, we need a border, but it must be one that we and the Palestinians agree on together. Only a border that is agreed upon together will be defensible. I'm not naïve, I don't think that terror will stop. Not at all, not at all. We will have to live with terror, and anyone who promises Israelis that peace will bring about real tranquillity is a crook or a fool. This is something very difficult to admit, but we will have to continue to check people before they get on the bus, when we go to the cinema. We are living in this shadow, for now and for many years to come. But terror is not an existential matter.

Israelis have become more cosmopolitan than ever, but they are also increasingly trapped by a sense of being victims of their history.

Is the right of return an existential threat?

The Geneva Accord has a solution for this. It's a very clumsy solution, I know, but it's a very complicated problem, so you cannot cut it like a Gordian knot. According to the Geneva Accord, Israel would absorb a certain amount of people for humanitarian reasons. The numbers vary from 30,000 to 70,000. If we don't have an agreement, and if we create this ghetto wall around us, then we annex something like 400,000 Palestinians in order to keep the settlements. We are so afraid of the 50,000 people who will come back through the Geneva agreement, but we are so generously accepting 500,000 through the wall? The logic of it—oy!

How do you respond to those who advocate for binational statehood?

After 100 years, if everything is wonderful, the situation will be like the Flemings and the Walloons in Belgium, who hate each other deeply but don't kill each other. Maybe then it will be time to open up, to loosen all borders. Personally, I would like to live in a world that is much more open and fluid. But what can I do? I was born into this reality. I cannot live in a dream, and I'm afraid that at this stage, massive friction between the two populations is disruptive. It's not that I am against the Palestinian cause. I think it will be an exciting moment when these people—who have been humiliated for 100 years by the Egyptians, the Jordanians, the Turks, by us—suddenly have the opportunity to put some energy toward life, not only toward surviving in a war zone.

How do you feel about the growing number of young Israelis who refuse to serve in the military?

I'll tell you frankly, I don't have a clear-cut answer. Sometimes I envy my friends on the left who say, "We must not take part in this." But it is difficult for me to advocate refusal, because Israel is too fragile, I'm afraid. At the same time, I cannot agree with the state's attitude toward refuseniks. The state treats them with such vengeance. It is so brutal toward them. I feel that if a country sticks its young people into such moral chaos, it has to be more tolerant until the occupation is over. Hopefully, our psyche will be released someday from this militant mentality.

Do you think the state is headed more toward the secularism of Tel Aviv, or the messianism of Jerusalem?

We are becoming more cosmopolitan, more open to the world, connected to MTV and cellular phones and the Internet. We belong to internationality. But at the same time, we become more and more Jerusalemite in the sense of being victims of our history, of bearing the burden of history, of messianism, of fanaticism. I wonder who will win. They both reflect something very deep in our psychology, so I don't want one of them to win totally over the other. I want them to soften each other. In a way we are very lucky, because we do hold many contradictions, being in the heart of the East but being very Western, being an ultramodern country that is at the same time very traditional.

Yesterday I saw a man in the Old City selling cellular phones. I didn't have a camera to take a picture of it, but I could have bought a camera, too.

I saw something just like that the other day. I was in my bank and there was an old Sephardic woman, maybe 70 years old, with a very traditional, colorful skirt. She pulled out her bank card and kissed it before she put it in the machine. Just to be sure, you know?

Let's return to fiction.

Ah, good.

How do you use Hebrew to tell your stories?

Well, in *See Under: Love* and *The Book of Intimate Grammar* [1994], I tried to merge the Jewish way of think-

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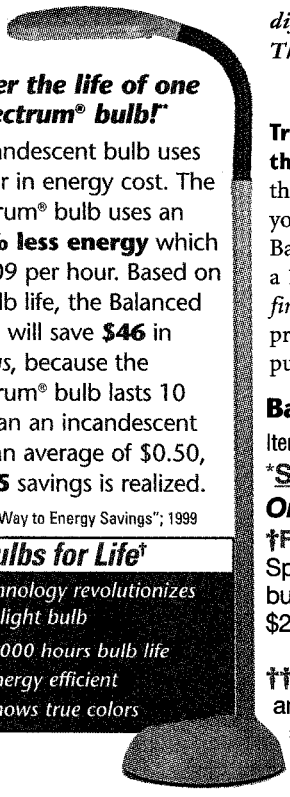

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ing, which is expressed in the Yiddish, and the Israeli way of thinking, which is expressed in the modern Hebrew. Those rhythms are contradictory, because Hebrew is very sharp, abrupt, masculine in a way, and Yiddish is more feminine and ironic and subtle. In these books I tried to create this mechanism that would allow me to talk about Israel's strong, sometimes violent reality in a Yiddish way, and to talk about Yiddish life, or Jewish life in the diaspora, from the Israeli point of view.

Many of your characters are storytellers of some sort, including, most recently, the protagonists of the two novellas that make up Her Body Knows. *Is this more than just a narrative device for you?*

The instinct of telling a story is such a primal urge. We have this need to reorganize our experience, our memory, to make order from the chaos. I remember how comforting it was for me as a child to tell or listen to stories. Every time I start a book, I think about it. There is always this moment when suddenly I start to fantasize, and the story becomes more concrete. Until then it's very vague—you know, fragments. But then I have this spiritual feeling of being a child again, and being in this place, telling this story, suddenly makes all of this possible for me. And when I say "this" I mean all the complications of being a human being. I do not understand the world around me. I don't understand why people act the way they do, why people act against themselves, why people are so subjugated to the things that destroy them, why people are so loyal to the things that subjugate them, why people are doomed to make themselves fail exactly at the point where they desperately need to be salvaged. It repeats itself time and again in the lives of individuals and in the lives of peoples—our people, as well. Telling a story creates for me the place where I really understand things, or I think I do.

It sounds like a sort of sanctuary.

Writing is my home. What a pity that I have to move to a new apartment every three or four years. You finish a story and you know everything about your protagonist. You dream about them, you know how they make love and how they cry, everything. And suddenly you have to close down, go to another apartment and start from the beginning. ■

The Heart of the Matter

MATT STEINGLASS

THE LIFE OF GRAHAM GREENE: Volume 3, 1955–1991.
By Norman Sherry. Viking. 906 pp. $39.95.

THE QUIET AMERICAN.
By Graham Greene. With an introduction by Robert Stone.
Penguin Classics. 180 pp. Paper $14.

They killed him because he was too innocent to live. He was young and ignorant and silly and he got involved. He had no more of a notion than any of you what the whole affair's about, and you gave him money and York Harding's books on the East and said, "Go ahead. Win the East for Democracy."
—The Quiet American

The cathedral at Phat Diem in northern Vietnam, which Graham Greene visited twice in 1951 and where he set one of the more memorable scenes in *The Quiet American*, is today a placid and mildly kitschy tourist attraction. Its claim to fame is its extraordinary architecture, which resembles a sort of Franco-Sino-Vietnamese pagoda: sloping tile roofs with up-curving dragons at the corners, wooden colonnades and carved stone reliefs of bamboo and lotus flowers. The altar is topped with icons of the Vietnamese martyrs slaughtered by Emperor Tu Duc in the 1850s during the anti-Catholic purges, which would serve as a *casus belli* for French colonization. Up until 1951, in a peculiarly medieval arrangement, Phat Diem was essentially ruled by its bishop, who had his own small army. But in June 1951 that army collapsed in the face of a Communist Vietminh offensive and was replaced by French troops. In early December 1951, when Greene paid his second visit, the town had nearly been overrun by a surprise attack; the Vietminh had infiltrated under cover of the annual festival of Our Lady of Fatima. French paratroopers were retaking the town, block by block.

Norman Sherry, in his massive and recently completed biography, meticulously shows where Greene drew the inspiration for each of the elements in the Phat Diem chapter of *The Quiet American*. On Greene's first visit, in January 1951, he met a certain Father Willich, an "unpleasant" Belgian who doubled as an amateur surgeon. In the novel, this becomes an encounter atop the cathedral's bell tower with a disillusioned priest in a bloodstained cassock, who responds to the narrator Fowler's distaste for the confessional with a dry barb: "I don't suppose you've ever had much to regret." The backdrop to this conversation, meanwhile, is drawn from Greene's second visit: mortar fire bursting across the "Low Country landscape" of rice paddies, canals and church towers, and in the distance a supply plane circling over the spectacular limestone mountains of Ninh Binh.

Later Fowler, a world-weary British journalist, accompanies a French patrol across a canal full of bodies, like "an Irish stew containing too much meat." They end up accidentally shooting a woman and her young child. These horrible incidents in fact happened to Greene, who described them in an article for *Paris Match*. The only major event in the Phat Diem scene to spring wholly from Greene's imagination seems to be the entrance of the dashingly naïve "quiet American" himself, Alden Pyle. He wakes Fowler at 3 in the morning, having foolhardily crossed enemy territory to do the gentlemanly thing by declaring that he has fallen in love with Fowler's Vietnamese mistress, Phuong, and intends to marry her. In later years, accused of skewing his reporting to conform to the aesthetic constraints of the seedy, fallen world critics called "Greeneland," Greene would insist that "the bodies in the canal at Phat Diem lay exactly as I said they did." And perhaps, like Fowler, Greene passed the evening at Phat Diem playing cards with hospitable French troops given to deadpan Hemingwayesque romanticism. ("You will see that Monsieur Fowlair has everything he needs, a candle, matches, a revolver.") But the "Greeneland" critics have a point. Greene's Phat Diem is a collage of elements that surface in his fiction again and again, whether he is writing about Vietnam, Mexico, Sierra Leone or Britain.

We have the doubting, doctrinally unsound priest, like the "whisky priest" of *The Power and the Glory* and the gossip-

Matt Steinglass, who writes for The New York Times Magazine, *the* Boston Globe, Metropolis *and other publications, lives in Hanoi.*

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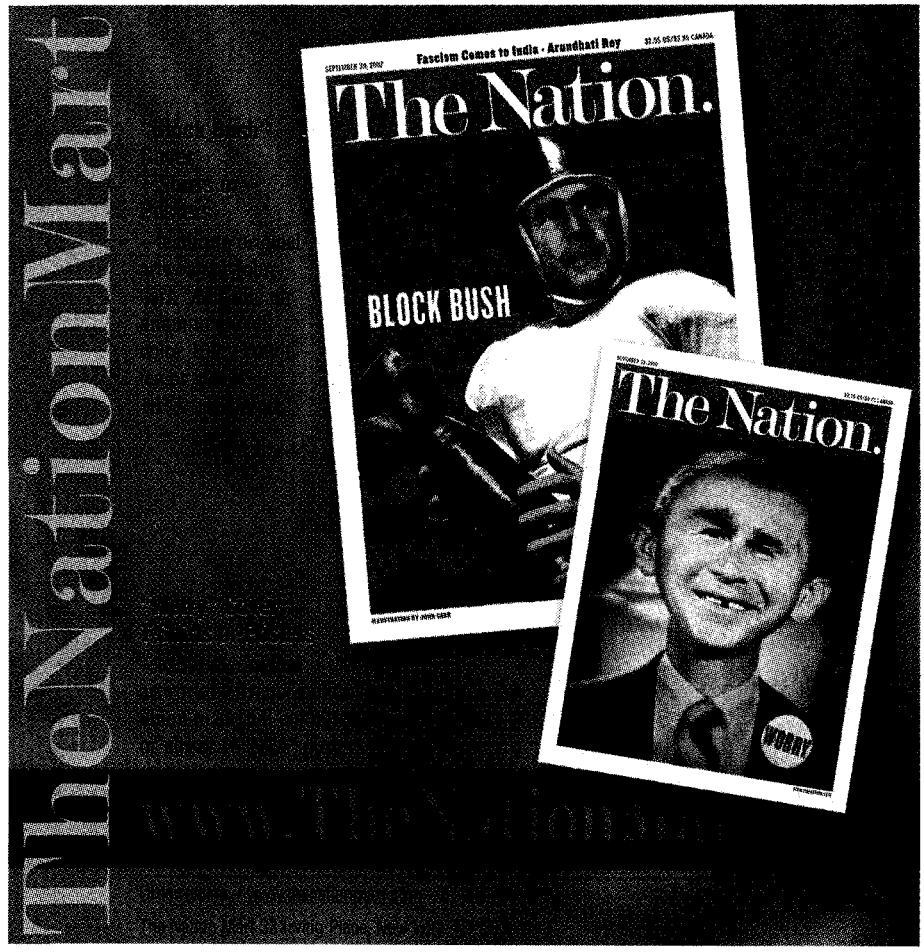
mongering Father Rank of *The Heart of the Matter*. We have the quasi-intentional murder of innocents, as in *The Heart of the Matter*, *Brighton Rock* and *The Third Man*. We have the extramarital affair involving one or more Catholics, as in *The Heart of the Matter*, *The End of the Affair*, *The Comedians*, *The Honorary Consul* and the play *The Living Room*. We have the wry blend of duty and cynicism among men in uniform, as in *The Heart of the Matter* and *The Third Man*. We have the amoral journalist, as in *Orient Express* and *A Burnt-Out Case*. We have the moral (and sexual) naïf who blunders into complicated situations, as in *Brighton Rock*, *The Heart of the Matter*, *The Comedians*, even the comic *Our Man in Havana* and *Travels With My Aunt*. We have the protagonist who wishes to die, as in *Orient Express*, *Brighton Rock*, *The Heart of the Matter*, *A Burnt-Out Case* and the play *The Potting Shed*. And ultimately, as in *The Man Within*, *Brighton Rock*, *The Power and the Glory*, *The Heart of the Matter*, *The Third Man*, *The Fallen Idol*, *A Burnt-Out Case*, *The Comedians*, *Our Man in Havana* and *The Honorary Consul*, we have the setup for a Judas-like betrayal.

The Quiet American continues to be read by many Americans as a Vietnam War prophecy. (The book "defined the tragedy taking shape for America long before the Marines arrived," as a writer in this magazine put it in 1977.) Greene's reportage may have been solid, and some of his analysis of the war was insightful. But what's remarkable is not so much how Greene's book foreshadowed America's war in Vietnam as how America's understanding of its war in Vietnam came to mirror Greeneland.

Greene invited Norman Sherry to write his biography in 1974, famously insisting that Sherry visit every place he had ever traveled to. It took Sherry twenty-eight years. Greene liked to compose elaborate practical jokes, and one suspects that he may have played a particularly cruel one by driving his biographer mad. In the biography's first volume, published in 1984, Sherry's prose is competent, his structuring often superb. By the third volume, published last fall, Sherry seems to have lost his grip. His hero worship of Greene has reached alarming proportions: Greene is an astute businessman, a brilliant spy, a Don Juan among women, a tireless champion of the weak and gadfly critic of the powerful.

Some of these claims may be only slight exaggerations, but Sherry's language is slavish. (On Greene as a publishing executive at The Bodley Head in the late 1950s: "Ever a watchdog for the firm"; "a dynamo"; "never stopped writing, never



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stopped thinking, never stopped reading"; his "suggestions often turned to gold"; "ever-vigilant"; "a sterling publisher.") He employs lines from his own bad poetry as epigrams. His attempts at the high style go woefully awry. (On his reaction to Greene's death: "I was, we all are, a close witness to death's perpetual annihilation of the womb-born." Lay on, MacDuff!) But while Sherry has his screwy passages, he does a fine job of teasing out the real-world material to which Greene would return in his fiction throughout his life.

Greene was born in 1904, the third son of the headmaster of a middle-ranked English public school called Berkhamsted. He was physically awkward and shy, and of his two companions in adolescence, one, a boy named Carter, tortured him ruthlessly. The other, a fellow victim named Wheeler, seems in some irreparable way to have betrayed Greene to Carter. Sherry convincingly argues that this planted the seeds of Greene's artistic obsession with treachery. By age 16 Greene had begun attempting suicide, and eventually entered psychiatric care. He made a willful recovery, partially conquering his shyness, but continued to suffer from intermittent depression, and while studying at Oxford—where he enjoyed a frenetic social and artistic life—he took to playing Russian roulette.

Sherry's greatest triumph in the biography's first volume is his depiction of the romance between Greene and his future wife, Vivien. Anyone who knows Greene chiefly from *The Quiet American* and *The End of the Affair* will have surmised that he had a failed but indissoluble Catholic marriage. So when we meet Vivien, a persnickety 19-year-old Catholic convert, we are prepared for the worst. Our apprehension deepens when we learn that Vivien has an almost pathological fear of sex, and that while Greene has fallen madly in love with her, she does not seem to reciprocate. He converts to Catholicism for her. When the desperate Greene suggests a sexless marriage, and Vivien responds with interest, we feel we are watching the slow unfolding of a particularly bloody train wreck.

Sherry shows us this sequence entirely from Graham's point of view, never using his interviews with Vivien herself. And so, when the two do marry in 1927, and Sherry at last gives us Vivien in her own words, we are shocked to find her perfectly lovely. She is perceptive, with a charming prose style that is the equal of Greene's; what's more, she is utterly devoted to him. They set up house in a village near Oxford and produce a pair of children, while Vivien throws herself into supporting her struggling author of a husband. And the biography suddenly opens out into a truly novelistic complexity, as we realize that it is not Vivien but Graham who will destroy the marriage. Graham is going to betray her.

He did so often, as his diaries reveal, at first mainly with prostitutes, later with lovers. The first serious mistress, Dorothy Glover, was the unprepossessing daughter of the landlady from whom he rented a writing studio, after literary success allowed the Greenes to move to London. Greene's affair with Dorothy deepened during the Blitz. He then joined the SIS, Britain's intelligence service, and shipped out to Sierra Leone for more than a year; by the end of this period Vivien was reduced to pleading letters in an increasingly desperate version of their earlier pet language. When Greene returned to London he was tired of Dorothy, but he kept on with her until after the war, out of guilt. He then fell madly in love with the stunning Catherine Walston, the American socialite wife of a wealthy British politician.

GETTY IMAGES

Carol Reed and Graham Greene, 1951

Vivien knew about both liaisons, but it wasn't until she intercepted a love letter from Graham to Walston, well after Graham had promised to end the affair, that she finally kicked him out. In one of Sherry's interviews with Vivien, it becomes clear that Graham had been telling Vivien about his affairs: At the end of the war, when he abruptly suggested having another child, according to Vivien, "I thought to myself, 'You've had all these women and you live with them and you say you love them and then come back after all these years to me, and expect to pick up everything just as it was.'"

Greene's relationship with Catherine was bizarre, passionate and, for him, convenient. She initially wrote to Greene as a fan, asking him to sponsor her in converting to Catholicism; his novel *The Power and the Glory*, about anti-Catholic persecution in revolutionary Mexico, had won her over. Catherine's husband, Harry, tacitly accepted her affair with Greene, as well as her numerous other lovers, including at least one of the Catholic priests who frequented the gatherings of artists and intellectuals at the Walston country estate. It was only when Greene, separated from Vivien, urged Catherine to divorce Harry and marry him that Harry began to set some limits, and the affair gradually tailed off. Even so, it lasted into the 1960s, and it may have been Greene's two-timing of Catherine with subsequent mistresses—notably the Swedish actress Anita Bjork and a French diplomat's wife named Yvonne Cloetta—that brought it to an end.

Sherry sees Catherine as the great love of Greene's life. He's clearly right that the affair with Catherine and the clash with Harry were the model for *The End of the Affair*, and that the affair with Dorothy Glover provided the emotional structure for *The Heart of the Matter*. In both novels, sexual love becomes a moral and theological problem that requires the protagonist to twist his ideas about God into paradoxical shapes; in the latter, the Catholic police officer Scobie, whose strongest emotion toward his wife and lover is pity, commits suicide, deliberately damning himself in the belief that he is sacrificing himself for them.

But it's also clear that the tortured reflections on sex and sin that define the emotional terrain of Greeneland are driven by Greene's own especially problematic relation to sexuality. No one finds it easy to reconcile sex and morality, but Greene found it harder than most. We're suddenly reminded of this halfway through *Volume 3* in an interview with Greene's good friend, the critic Michael Meyer. Commenting on

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Greene's attraction to prostitutes, Meyer says he never understood it; it "seems to me like paying someone to let you beat them at tennis."

Greene's fame derives chiefly from his reputation as a traveler, an adventurer and an intellectual *engagé*. His early loves were adventure fiction and Joseph Conrad. His admiration for Conrad led him astray as a young writer; after a promising first novel, he published two self-absorbed Conradesque failures that left him, in 1932, on the brink of severe poverty. It was under this pressure that he finally hit his stride, in 1933, with *Orient Express*.

Greene considered *Orient Express* one of his "entertainments," which he contrasted with his more serious novels. In fact, the book is tougher-minded than many of the latter. It's here that Greene discovers the pitiless gaze that came to typify Greeneland. The characters are driven largely by selfish, concealed agendas; they are only inadvertently teased into sympathy or engagement. Everyone's plans are compromised, and the reader's hopes are ruthlessly frustrated. Characters like the Jewish businessman Myatt, the chorus girl Coral Musker and the tough lesbian reporter Mabel Warren waver between manipulative greed and a touching, loyal sincerity.

Greene perfectly strikes the tone that became a signature flavor of the 1930s, the fast-talking exoticism of early film noir. But the central issues are Greene's own: sex, betrayal, suicide, the chasm between ideology and sentiment. The Communist Dr. Czinner speeds willingly toward death, aware that his insurrection has failed. Mabel Warren's kept lover, Janet Pardoe, mulls leaving her for the security of marriage to Myatt. Myatt lets the weary Coral use his first-class cabin; she lets him sleep with her; the transaction produces an unexpected sympathy between them, and when she disappears at the Serbian border, mistakenly arrested with Czinner, Myatt must decide whether loyalty demands that he go back for her.

Greene had always been a traveler, but *Orient Express* made it clear that foreign locales would be crucial to his work. His first grand trip came in 1935, when he and his cousin Barbara undertook a backbreaking five-week walking trip through the jungles of Liberia. In 1938 he headed to Chiapas, where he got the material for *The Power and the Glory*. Then came his wartime stint as an MI6 agent in Freetown, Sierra Leone; though there was little to uncover, by all accounts he did a fair job, and the experience provided him with material for *The Heart of the Matter*. In 1943 Greene was called back to London to work in counterintelligence (under the notorious Soviet mole Kim Philby) and began to show great talent. Of course, the new job was more suitable to a novelist: He was running fake Nazi agents who made up bogus stories to feed to the Germans. These experiences were eventually put to use in Greene's classic fake-agent comedy, *Our Man in Havana*.

After the war, with Catherine Walston, Greene's traveling was of the jet-set variety—New York, Antibes, Rome, Mediterranean cruises on the yacht of film producer Alex Korda. In 1948 he and Korda collaborated with director Carol Reed on *The Third Man*, and Greene headed to bombed-out Vienna for the research. In late 1950 he went to Malaya, where his brother Hugh was working for the British anti-Communist counterinsurgency. (Hugh would eventually become director of the BBC.) Greene headed to Saigon in early 1951, where he unexpectedly fell in love with the country; he returned in 1952 for *Paris Match*, and again in 1955 for the *Sunday Times*.

In 1953 the *Sunday Times* sent him to Kenya to cover the Mau Mau rebellion. In 1957 he went to China and Moscow. Then Cuba in 1958, where he wrote *Our Man in Havana*, and again in 1959 with Carol Reed to make the film; he met Castro while the revolution was under way, and would return later, after the overthrow of Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista. Haiti several times with Walston in the 1950s, then in 1963, during the Duvalier dictatorship, to gather material for *The Comedians*. Leper colonies in the Congo in 1959 for *A Burnt-Out Case*. In the 1960s Israel, Argentina and Paraguay, which appeared in *Travels With My Aunt* and *The Honorary Consul*. In the 1970s Panama, where he became a friend of dictator Omar Torrijos. And, more or less finally, Nicaragua under the Sandinistas.

Greene's experience in intelligence and journalism has given him the reputation of a novelist with an unusually clear-eyed grasp of world affairs. In fact, as his embrace at different times of Castro and Torrijos shows, Greene's politics were often romantic, based on personality as much as on principle. His visceral anti-anti-communism led him to a myopic enthusiasm for the Soviet Union. Out of a misplaced sense of personal loyalty, he refused to break with his old friend Kim Philby, even after it was revealed that Philby had betrayed British agents to their deaths; and in his otherwise admirable letter on behalf of the imprisoned Russian writers Yuli Daniel and Andrei Sinyavsky in 1967, he

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declared that if forced to choose between living in the United States or the Soviet Union, "I would certainly choose the Soviet Union." Sherry, whose understanding of international affairs is not terribly sophisticated, nonetheless recognizes this as "deliberate political folly."

Greene was exceptionally good at complex and unsentimental portraits of individuals caught up in the gears of powerful organizational interests, and at creating an atmosphere of pitiless amorality. But his political analyses themselves were often far off the mark. (In his *Paris Match* article on Phat Diem, he held out the risible notion that only Catholicism could beat Communism in Vietnam.) What Greene did have, at his best, was a good ear for information and an undeterrable honesty. This allowed him to write openly about certain things that anyone should have been able to see: that Batista was going to fall, for example, and that the French were going to lose in Vietnam. It did, however, take great foresight to realize that the Americans were taking over where the French left off, and to start to think about what that takeover would look like.

Americans today come to Greene mainly through *The Quiet American*, for obvious reasons. If it is not his best book, it is the one that most tightly wraps his trademark sexual and political concerns into a neat, explosive package. (Greene's spiritual side takes a bit of a breather in this novel; his Catholicism was waning.) Greene borrows the novel's trope of Americans as political innocents and sexual puritans stumbling destructively into a complex, "fallen" Old World from Henry James, another idol of his youth. The book's genius is to project this trope into the postcolonial cold war violence of Vietnam. It is by now such a familiar vision of the war that it takes some effort to recognize how peculiar Greene's version of it is.

To begin with, the "quiet American" himself, Alden Pyle, is a somewhat unconvincing American. This is an issue that surfaces in other works of Greene's as well. In *The Third Man*, Holly Martins, an American writer of cheap westerns, indefatigably pursues the truth about his friend, Harry Lime, a black marketeer in postwar Vienna, because they had been close "back at school." To an American, this sounds a bit weird; such old-boy loyalty would make sense only to a graduate of an English public school. The film's Hollywood producer, David O. Selznick, also thought Holly's pursuit of Lime inexplicable, and went into a sort of anglohomophobic panic over it. "It's sheer buggery," Selznick ranted, according to Greene's memoirs. "It's what you learn in your English schools."

As for Pyle, readers have been pegging him for a closet limey ever since A.J. Liebling's review in *The New Yorker* in 1956. Liebling argued that Pyle is actually a Frenchman's idea of an Englishman—"a naive chap who speaks bad French, eats tasteless food and is only accidentally and episodically heterosexual." The implication that Pyle is gay is a stretch, but he is definitely unusual. He is supposed to be 32, yet he appears never to have had a serious sexual affair. This is too odd, even in 1951, for Pyle to stand as an American archetype, as Greene wants him to.

Pyle's sexual immaturity is supposed to make it plausible that he might fall in love with Fowler's paramour Phuong, and decide to marry her, after little more than an hour of dancing. Greene is trying to make a point about Americans' moral rigidity: Pyle cannot admit that he might desire Phuong without desiring to marry her, just as he can't admit that America's intervention in Vietnam might stem from the will to power rather than the love of freedom. But Pyle's courtship of Phuong is simply too rushed, too programmatic, to be credible.

If *The Quiet American*'s main American feels a bit off, its Vietnamese seem strangely absent. Phuong is at the novel's fulcrum: She stands for a Vietnam in play between exhausted, colonial Europe (Fowler) and the rising American hegemon (Pyle). The metaphor of the colonized land as a duskily beautiful woman of uncertain loyalty is as old as Antony and Cleopatra. But Phuong is no voluble queen; she is a pliant cipher, her emotions almost entirely opaque—at least to Fowler, the narrator. Greene's treatment of her flirts with the pure colonialist cliché of the inscrutable Oriental. Characters talk about her in her presence, while she remains silent. "One always spoke of her like that in the third person," Fowler remarks, "as though she were not there."

Indeed, almost all of the novel's Vietnamese are "not there," in one way or another. Apart from Phuong's iron-willed sister, none of the novel's dynamic characters are Vietnamese. The dynamic Vietnamese—the Vietminh, in particular—are held offstage, spoken of but never seen or heard. In one of the novel's central scenes, Fowler and Pyle find themselves holed up in a watchtower at night, arguing about Phuong and the future of the country while the Vietminh circle invisibly in the darkness and two young Vietnamese conscripts look on, mute. It's a brilliant allegory for the insularity of the Western debate on Vietnam. But the novel starts to feel rather strange after a while: One expects to read about Americans in Vietnam, and finds instead a slightly improbable American and a lot of invisible Vietnamese.

The most fully present character in the novel is the Englishman Fowler, and if the reader finds it hard to get a grip on Pyle and Phuong, it's largely because our somewhat unreliable narrator can't get a grip on them either. Fowler is a perfectly rendered portrait of the wryly cynical expat, as accurate today as it was then. The Orientalist stereotypes in the book aren't necessarily Greene's, they're Fowler's, and it is his inability to understand Phuong that drives him to fall back on them. "It's a cliché to call [the Vietnamese] children," Fowler acknowledges to Pyle, before going on, helplessly, to recycle the cliché. Later, railing angrily at Pyle, he spins a contradictory vision of Phuong:

> "She's no child. She's tougher than you'll ever be. Do you know the kind of polish that doesn't take scratches? That's Phuong. She can survive a dozen of us. She'll get old, that's all...she'll never suffer like we do from thoughts, obsessions—she won't scratch, she'll only decay." But even while I made my speech...I knew I was inventing a character just as much as Pyle was.

It would be easy to accuse Greene of creating a Fu Manchu cartoon with

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Phuong, and indeed some Vietnamese readers I know find her a Western stereotype. But Greene is a much better writer than that: The book doesn't really claim to show us Phuong. It shows us Fowler's idea of Phuong, and his frustration at his inability to grasp her. It is in the gaps and chinks in Fowler's depiction of Phuong that we catch glimpses of her as she might seem to herself: a self-controlled young woman, fenced in by her beauty and her familial obligations, working every possible angle to carve out a bit of autonomous space.

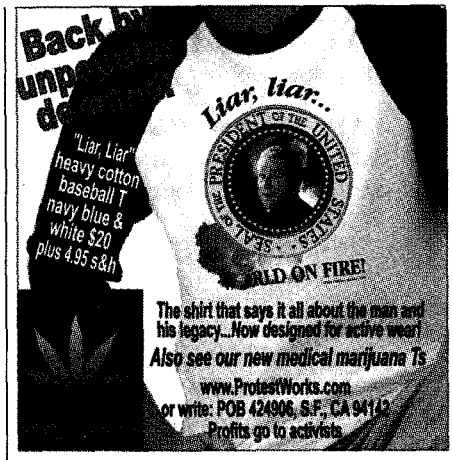
What's true of Greene's treatment of Phuong is true of the book as a whole: It never really shows us Vietnam. What we get instead are the expats' and colonials' failed attempts to grasp Vietnam. Greene spent most of his life writing about the colonial and postcolonial Third World, the conundrums and misadventures of the West among the rest, and part of the reason Greeneland maps so easily onto Vietnam—the reason Greene's Phat Diem looks so much like his Chiapas and his Freetown—is that these conundrums and misadventures are so similar, the world over. They are the result of one society's attempts to impose its ideals, institutions, economic models, clothing styles, mating rituals and dining habits on another. It's the incongruity of occupying ideologies in occupied societies that opens up the space in which Greene wants to work: hypocrisy, cynicism, catastrophic misunderstanding; the callous disengagement of the world's Fowlers, and the violently misguided engagement of its Pyles.

What's wrong with Pyle, in Fowler's view—and, it seems likely, in Greene's—is that he claims to know: to know Phuong, to know Fowler, to know Vietnam and to know himself. Fowler keeps paradoxically calling Pyle "innocent," even after he discovers that Pyle has been feeding plastic explosives to a rogue general for use in terrorist attacks. Pyle is innocent not because he does no harm but because he never suspects that words might not mean what they claim to mean, that things might be complicated and that people's motives, including his own, might be far darker than they seem. It is his innocence, ultimately, that makes Pyle dangerous. "Innocence is a kind of madness," Fowler eventually decides.

Every Western journalist stationed in Saigon during the war read *The Quiet American*, and, as ex-CBS correspondent John Laurence writes in his memoir *The Cat From Hue*, they all aspired to Fowler's knowing cynicism. This was a tremendous change in attitude from that of earlier war correspondents, like Pyle's namesake Ernie. Of course, if Greene's sensibility became attractive to Vietnam correspondents, it was largely because of their disillusionment with an obviously futile war. But when one reads the ubiquitous homages to Greene's "prophetic" writing on Vietnam one can't help but feel that what was prophetic was less his analysis than his attitude.

By the 1970s a Greenelandish vision of Vietnam, with roots in Conrad, had become the dominant one in American popular culture. One thinks especially of *Apocalypse Now*, with the disillusioned, hollow-eyed Martin Sheen as antihero, and Marlon Brando channeling Orson Welles's performance in *The Third Man* as the elusive evil genius. Or of the first big post-Vietnam novel, Robert Stone's 1975 National Book Award winner *Dogs of War*, whose antihero John Converse—a morally disengaged, heroin-dealing, Saigon-based journalist—is clearly descended from the morally disengaged, opium-smoking Fowler. Other iconic 1970s representations of Vietnam refracted Greene's skepticism in different ways: the wry anti-institutionalism of *M*A*S*H* and *Doonesbury*, the bitter absurdism of Tim O'Brien's *Going After Cacciato*, the gritty sentimentalism of *The Deer Hunter*—even *Taxi Driver*, the ultimate American vision of righteous violence gone awry. Greene's cynicism meshed well with the wisecracking and suspicious branch of 1970s radicalism, the paranoid radical flip side of Flower Power.

But the view that innocence is madness is not one that can sustain itself for long in America, where innocence is an integral part of the national creed. America's Vietnam narratives became increasingly sentimental and un-Greeneian as time went on; their innocents became innocent again. During the Reagan era, in Bobbie Ann Mason's novel *In Country* or the Springsteen song "Born in the U.S.A.," the Vietnam War became a trauma—not something Americans did but something that happened to them. Martin Sheen's nihilism in *Apocalypse Now* gave way to his son Charlie's naïveté in *Platoon*. Vietnam movies still acknowledged American war crimes, but their leading men, once dangerous and complicated (Nick Nolte in *Who'll Stop the Rain*, Robert DeNiro and Christopher Walken in *The Deer Hunter*) were now mainly fresh-faced youths betrayed by their government (Michael J. Fox in *Casualties of War*, Tom Cruise in *Born on the Fourth of July*). By the time of *Birdy* and *Forrest Gump*, the American GI's fervently maintained innocence had reached the point of mental deficiency.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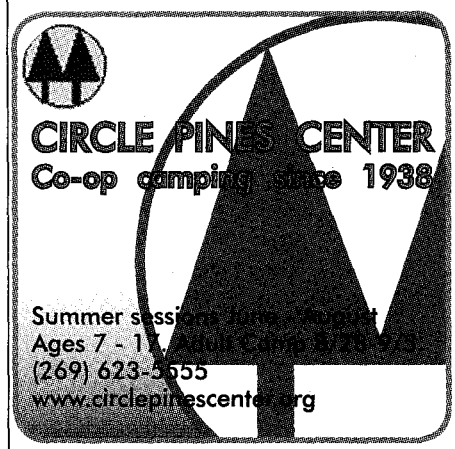

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To read Greene today, in the context of the war in Iraq, is to be reminded of how much *The Quiet American* got right about Americans' style of engagement with the world, and also of how reluctant we are to accept a skeptical, Greenelandish vision of it. America's embrace of violence in the export of democracy, and our simplistic rhetoric of freedom, have re-emerged with a ferocity not seen since the days of Alden Pyle. We are still busily searching for Third Forces, with (the now discarded) Ahmad Chalabi perhaps the most dismal contestant since Ngo Dinh Diem.

Over the past few years, moreover, the world, which for a while in the 1990s looked as if it were becoming a well-regulated, transparent open house of free-market liberal democracies (remember "the end of history"?), seems to have taken a Greenelandian turn. Intragovernmental and corporate intrigues, self-interest masquerading as patriotism and terrorist plots hatched by failed intellectuals in dusty Third World casbahs leap out at us from the newspapers every day. Al Qaeda has reinvigorated the espionage narrative and opened up the same kind of ideological chasm that the cold war represented for Greene. Meanwhile, the domestic Greene, the novelist of obsessive affairs and marriages gone sour, is more contemporary than ever; the 1999 film adaptation of *The End of the Affair* came at the breaking edge of a continuing wave of unsentimental, post-Clintonian treatments of lying and infidelity, from Roth's *The Human Stain* to *The Sopranos* to *Closer*.

It's odd, really. So many of Greeneland's key elements—the doubting priests, the Communist revolutionaries, the colonial regimes—seem frozen in another epoch. Other elements, like the fixations on betrayal and suicide, seem peculiar to Greene's psyche. How could Greeneland feel recognizable now?

Then again, how could Greene's Phat Diem look so much like his Vienna—and still be convincing? The strength of Greeneland, obviously, isn't in the specifics. It's in a mood and a set of tensions: between individuals and organizations, between emotions and ethics, between lovers and loved. Greeneland is an arrangement for translating apocalyptic conflicts to a personal scale; it is a morally bankrupt stage set for the mounting of moral dramas of vast consequence. At this moment of particular moral bankruptcy and particularly compelling moral stakes, we pick up *Orient Express*, *Brighton Rock* or *The Quiet American* and feel ourselves weirdly at home. ■

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PUZZLE NO. 2995

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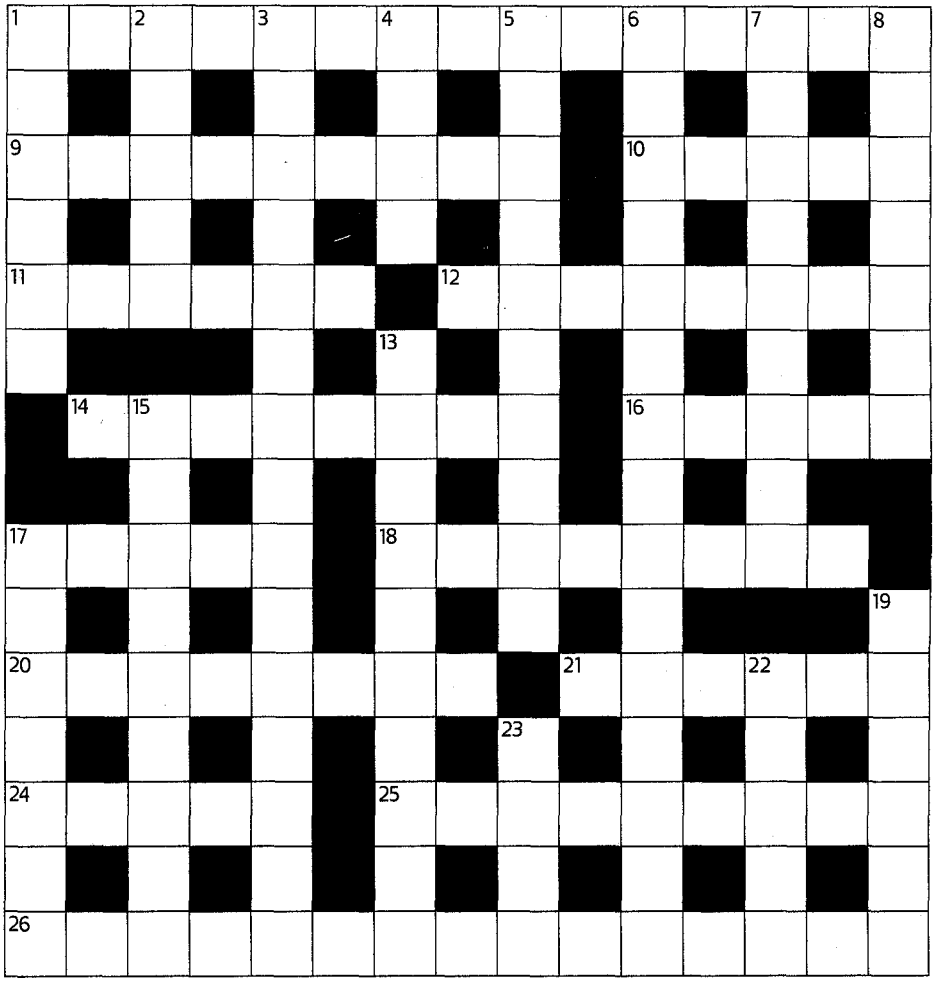

ACROSS

1 Mail, etc., typifies what some look for if they want a nicer environment. (6,2,7)

9 Evidently the main description is deserving of what a good big boat should be. (9)

10 Commonly carried in the direction of Kennedy. (5)

11 Possibly proves it is hard to find a certain vegetable. (6)

12 The second word of 1, in full, and in Paris it gets to sort of create the answer. (2,6)

14 Planning something bad? (8)

16 Supposedly as good as 5,280 feet, though something is wrong this way. (5)

17 For example, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Gore, though certain players might hope to find such a flush. (5)

18 What one often listens for seems to be laid back, with a note of uncertainty. (4,4)

20 Not really uniformly worn tires. (8)

21 You wouldn't want to get stuck with one, but he might be good at putting up neighborhood barriers. (6)

24 A relatively small town in Utah with such a large airport! (5)

25 Outstandingly charming, and glorious to start and finish when it's about classic love. (9)

26 A storybook character, with the tail end getting transportation and giving tips to the relatives. (15)

DOWN

1 The sort of carts that have nothing destined for a dictator. (6)

2 Prize given to a person you might be taking care of. (5)

3 Rather awful, as the teens say, with the sleepwear getting state direction—implying obliviousness. (5,10)

4 Supposedly sown, but often found wild. (4)

5 Call out when you get what might be at the bottom of the page, carrying little weight, but with a hidden message. (10)

6 Where you can have a final gambling fling on your trip, if worse comes to worst. (2,3,4,6)

7 A luminous white spot opposite the sun, mentioned in a couple of articles by Leo, as they say. (9)

8 Pendant jewelry often does, and fills one with esteem. (7)

13 The time sometimes associated with a "spread" centuries ago. (6,4)

15 Five loses one of its rights, being one with no flowers. (9)

17 One who offers a lot, if you want to take a chance. (7)

19 What stone walls don't make, according to the poet. (6)

22 Nixon claimed not to be one to have what your elbow has. (5)

23 H.H. Munro should go down well in Japan. (4)

CORRECTION: The answer to 1 down in Puzzle No. 2991 is John Bunyan, not Bunyon. Our apologies.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2994

P	A	L	I	N	D	R	O	M	E		F	L	E	W
A		I		E		A		A		S		A		O
T	A	K	E	S	I	N		L	A	T	I	M	E	R
R		E		S		S		A		O		E		K
O	W	N	S		S	A	C	R	A	M	E	N	T	O
N		E		D		C		I		A		T		N
O	L	D	N	I	C	K		A	L	C	E	S	T	E
F				N						H				S
T	I	T	A	N	I	C		T	H	E	C	O	O	P
H		U		E		O		E		R		B		A
E	A	R	T	R	U	M	P	E	T		A	R	C	S
A		M		S		E		D		H		E		S
R	O	O	M	E	R	S		O	T	A	L	G	I	A
T		A		T		I		F		R		O		G
S	E	L	F		C	O	N	F	I	D	E	N	C	E

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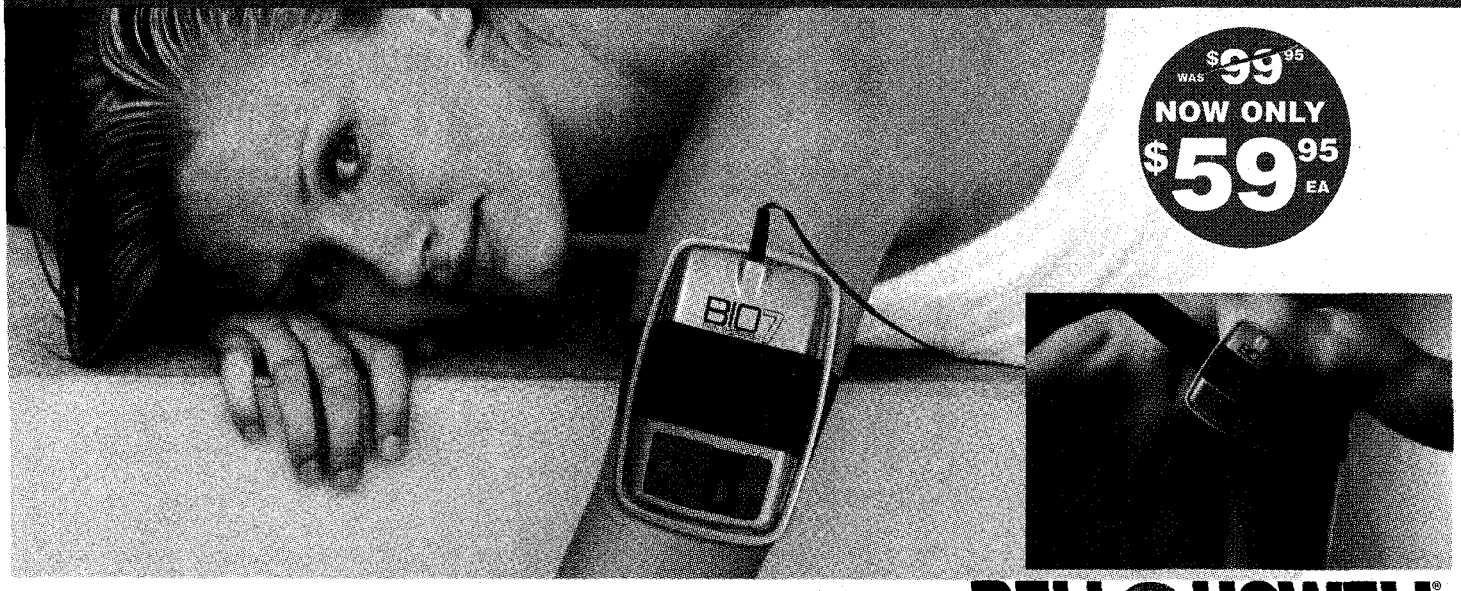

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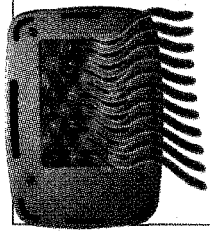

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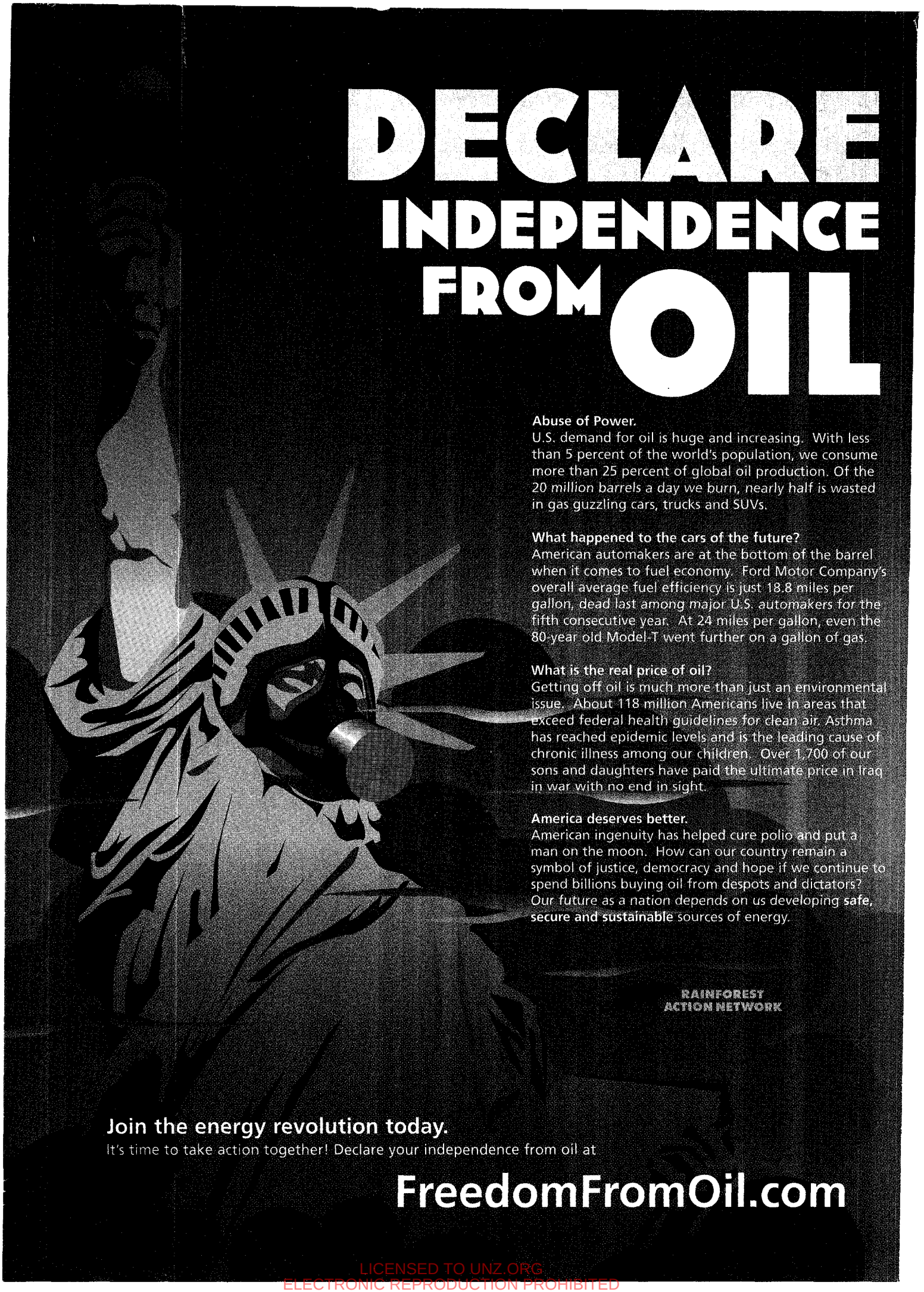
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